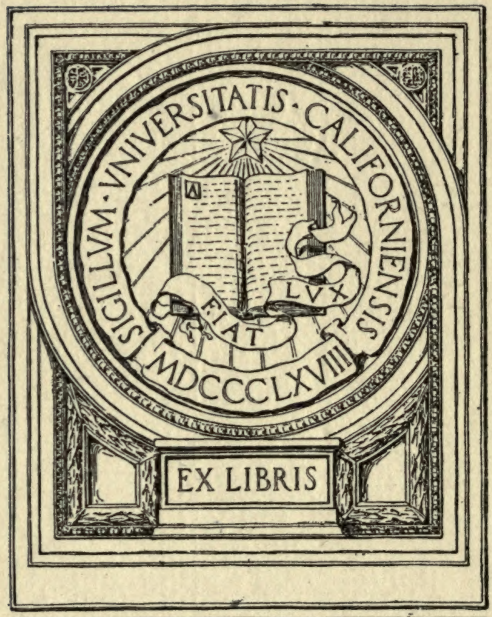
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THE ANACREONTEA

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THE ANACREONTEA

& PRINCIPAL REMAINS OF ANACREON OF TEOS, IN ENGLISH VERSE · WITH AN ESSAY, NOTES, AND ADDITIONAL POEMS BY JUDSON FRANCE DAVIDSON

Πολλάκι μὲν τόδ' ἄεισα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοήσω·
Πίνετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβάλησθε κόνιν.
JULIAN

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PREFACE

Some years ago I versified several of the odes of Anacreon and of the Anacreontea, and later it occurred to me to make a complete translation of them in the modern manner. This I have attempted, with what degree of success or failure the public must judge.

There have been, as is well known, many translations in English verse of the Teian muse. Among them may be mentioned those of Stanley, Cowley, Addison, Fawkes, Urquhart, Greene, Lord Thurlow, Moore, Bourne, and Arnold. Of these versions those of Stanley, Fawkes, and Moore are the most esteemed. They have had the greatest vogue, and on them have been bestowed the euge of the critics and the seal of popular approval. On these three translations I desire briefly to animadvert.

In 1651 Stanley's *Anacreon* was published

with other poetical translations of the author. The full title of the work is: *Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, Kisses by Johannes Secundus, Cupid Crucified by Ausonius, Venus' Vigils, and divers other poems by Thomas Stanley.* Stanley's translation is distinguished by perspicuity, simplicity, fidelity to the original, and a certain amount of vigour resulting from conciseness, precision and condensation. It conveys the essence of the original with considerable success, and was accorded a just due of admiration and applause. But in elegance of diction and harmony of numbers it was surpassed by the version of the Rev. Francis Fawkes ("a gentleman of Cambridge"), which contained thirteen of the sixteen traductions made by Dr. Broome, the coadjutor of Pope in his version of the *Odyssey*, and which appeared in 1760 in a volume including also Fawkes' version of Bion, Moschus and Theocritus.

This translation, which is scholarly and elegant and characteristic of times which still

felt the influence of Pope, for many years occupied a high place in public favour—a place, however, to which Moore succeeded on the appearance in 1800 of his *Odes of Anacreon*, dedicated to the Prince Regent, and published under peculiarly auspicious circumstances. This is considered the best translation of the odes which we possess. Moore was eminently fitted for the undertaking by nature, genius and acquirements. If his classical scholarship was not so profound as that of his predecessors Stanley and Fawkes, he had, on the other hand, more of the divine afflatus than either of them. His knowledge of Greek was more than sufficient for the task. His convivial and amatory temperament, his poco-curantism, his hedonic predilections, and the fact that he was in the heyday of ardent youth, all conspired to enable him to execute the translation *con amore*, and with signal success. His method of rendering the odes is diffusive, and more expansive than that of his predecessors, and he avails himself of the

liberties of paraphrase to a great extent, but he has preserved the spirit of the original in a praiseworthy manner. His mode of treatment is delicately suggestive, and he has imparted to the work all the seductive grace and witchery of his mellifluous muse.

While, therefore, we possess admirable translations of these poems, the time cannot be fixed when the last or best translation will be made. Each translation, moreover, must be coloured more or less by the individuality of the translator, and by the literary methods and habits of the time in which he lives. Since Moore's day the language has been improved, its vocabulary enlarged, and the province of poetry enriched by a variety of new metres. The modern manner is characterised by great lyric fluency, a careful consideration of the effects of assonance and alliteration, the special selection of words and phrases for their artistic value, and by the revival of old artifices and the invention of new ones.

My method of translating is concise as opposed to diffuse — both these styles, however, have their merits. The version will be found to be closer to the original than those of Fawkes, Moore, and some of the others mentioned heretofore. I have made use of a variety of metres, and variety has been sought in the rhymes and arrangement of the lines. I have used a sprinkling of archaic words and a few balladisms, which sometimes have the merit of being forcible and picturesque, and for the use of which I trust no apology is needed.

After the manner of Fawkes and others I have given appropriate titles to some of the odes in cases where such were wanting in the text. I have endeavoured as far as in me lay to do justice to Anacreon and the poets of the Anacreontea, and to transfuse as far as possible the simplicity, beauty and vivacity of spirit characteristic of the originals. In the addenda will be found a selection of tributes to Anacreon from the Greek An-

thology and other sources, some ventures of my own in this direction as well as a few Anacreontics, and several poems illustrative of the treatment by other poets of Anacreontic topics. Up to and including Ode LV. I have followed the order of Joshua Barnes, one of the most learned of Anacreontic scholars, in his edition of *Anacreon Teius* (Cantabrigiæ, MDCCXXI.) From this point a re-arrangement was imposed by the necessity of segregating the genuine remains of Anacreon. The notes and the introductory essay are offered without pretence to scientific scholarship, and present merely such information as I was able to gather for the elucidation of the poet's works and the interest of the general reader; at the same time I have endeavoured to make them accurate and trustworthy, and to avoid copying old errors in matters Anacreontic, which is sometimes done even to this day. Unless otherwise acknowledged the notes are my own. In the essay I have conceived of Anacreon not as a mere writer of

nugæ canoræ, but as a man of genius, the possessor of a vigorous, various, versatile mind.

Finally, I desire gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to my brother, Dr. Frederic Davidson, of Toronto, for the loan of books, for valuable information relative to Anacreon, and especially for his labours in arranging and editing my manuscript; and I am minded likewise, and with equal gratitude, to make mention of the services rendered by Professor H. Rushton Fairclough of Stanford University, California, in the translation of certain obscure and difficult passages in the Greek.

J. F. D.

TORONTO, *February* 1914.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Owing to my brother's continued ill-health it has devolved upon me to put this work of his in shape for the press. I feel keenly my insufficiency for the task, and trust that any errors and defects may be imputed to me, and the credit to him.

Had it not been for his illness and for other circumstances beyond control, the work would doubtless have seen the light some years ago, or, appearing now, would have taken greater advantage of recent scholarship. These conditions, however, could at most affect the Notes and Essay, hardly the translations of the poems. The work is also, primarily, a work of literature rather than one of erudition.

F. D.

Toronto, *March* 1914.

THE ANACREONTEA

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

Ἐμὲ γὰρ (νέοι) λόγων εἵ-
νεκα παῖδες ἂν φιλοῖεν·
χαρίεντα μὲν γὰρ ᾄδω,
χαρίεντα δ' οἶδα λέξαι.
ANAC. FRAG. XLV. (Bergk.)

I

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANACREON

ALTHOUGH the full meridian of the intellectual and material grandeur of ancient Greece—the nursery once of freedom and the arts—was not attained until the age of Pericles, Anacreon flourished in a very important and brilliant epoch. Great changes, developments and events were occurring on all sides. It was a time of wars and rumours of wars, of moving accidents by flood and field, of deeds of high

emprise in the political, military and literary worlds.

Among the important events which befell in the lifetime of Anacreon may be enumerated the following: The overthrow of Astyages and Crœsus by Cyrus; the capture of Babylon after a two years' siege by Cyrus and Darius the Mede; the return of the Jews in accordance with the edict of Cyrus, and the rebuilding of the temple; the subjugation of the Greek cities of Asia Minor by Harpagus; the wild conquest of Egypt by Cambyses; the crucifixion of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos; the assassination of Hipparchus; the expulsion of Hippias and the other Pisistratids from Athens; the destruction by fire and the rebuilding of the temple of Apollo at Delphi on a scale of great magnificence by the Alcmæonidæ; the capture and destruction of Sybaris by the Crotonians under Milo; the Ionic revolt headed by Aristagoras and incited by Histiæus, who had been compelled by Darius to dwell at the Persian court; the burning of

Sardis by the Ionians and Athenians; the capture, sack and ruin of Miletus by the Persians; the battle of Marathon with its momentous and far-reaching influence upon the history of the world; the conflict at the pass of Thermopylæ; the battles of Mycale and of "old Platœa's day," and the naval engagements of Artemisium and Salamis.

In the age of Anacreon lived the great military commanders Themistocles, Miltiades, Aristides and Pausanias; the mild yet resolute Pisistratus; Isagoras, the great leader of the Athenian nobles; Cleomenes, Demaratus, and Leonidas, the Spartan warrior kings; the wise and politic Darius Hystaspes; the handsome but ill-starred Xerxes; the enlightened and munificent Amasis, King of Egypt; and the fell and flagitious Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum.

In the childhood of Anacreon the sages Bias and Cleobulus were still alive, who with Thales and the rest of the Seven Wise Men were the precursors of that noble philosophy for which Greece afterwards became so renowned.

Flourished then Anaximander who first constructed spheres and sun-dials and asserted the rotundity of the earth; Zeno of Elia, the reputed inventor of dialectics; the instructor of Pericles, Anaxagoras, who was no mean astronomer, and who exercised considerable influence upon the culture of his time; Xenophanes of Colophon, who was the first to promulge the Eleatic doctrine of the unity of the universe, and who as an elegiac poet was reputed equal to Mimnermus; Heraclitus of Ephesus, the pessimistic fire philosopher; and also the illustrious Samian sage, Pythagoras, one of the greatest adepts in occult science whom the world has seen.

Contemporary with Anacreon were the historians Hecatæus of Miletus, Charon of Lampsacus, and Herodorus of Heraclea, as well as the sculptors Agelades of Argos, Anthermos of Chios, and Buphelus of Clazomenæ. It was then that Thespis, introducing regular dialogue into the choral representations, and adding an actor independent of the

chorus, gave itinerant dramatic entertainments, having his face smeared with wine lees for a disguise, and so, in spite of the opposition of Solon, laid the foundations of Greek tragedy which Phrynichus as well as Æschylus improved, and Sophocles and afterwards Euripides (born on the day of the battle of Salamis) brought to perfection.

Synchronous with Anacreon flourished Theognis of Megara, whose perceptive poetry showed considerable knowledge of men and manners, and which was collected and taught as a manual of wisdom and virtue; and the deformed iambic poet Hipponax of Ephesus with his terrible sarcasm—no unworthy emulator of Archilochus. Coeval also with Anacreon was Corinna of Tanagra surnamed the Lyric Muse, the instructress of Pindar in poetry and rhetoric, whose charms of person are said to have surpassed her poetical genius. Mention must likewise be made of Myrtis of Anthedon, in whose honour statues were erected in various parts of Greece, and to

whom Corinna was disciple. Nor must Telesilla of Argos be forgotten, who was celebrated alike for her lyric poetry and her Amazonian valour.

But while the period was one of great activity, progress and development in all branches of literature, art and philosophy, it was above all the golden age of Greek lyric poetry. From the time of Callinus onward the lyric poetry of Greece had been gradually developed and improved. Innovations had been successfully introduced, the range of subjects had been widened, it had been diversified and elaborated in form, and enriched with new metres until in the time of Anacreon it had reached a high degree of perfection. Bacchylides, Ibycus, Simonides and Pindar were Anacreon's contemporaries, who, according to the classification of the Alexandrine critics, constituted with himself five of the nine prime lyric poets of Greece—the other four being Alcman, Stesichorus, Alcæus, and Sappho.

Lyric poetry in our poet's day flourished under the patronage of the tyrants of the various Hellenic states, who, whatever their faults, were certainly generous patrons of learning and letters. After Pindar's time, however, lyric poetry rapidly declined and deteriorated, with the exception, sole and singular, of the dithyramb, which, being employed at religious rites and festivals, maintained its merit and importance a while longer. The chief causes of the declension and decay of lyric poetry were (1) the unnatural and therefore unwholesome stimulus of prize competition; (2) venality—it came to be written to order for those who could pay for it; and (3) the ever-increasing subserviency of the verse to the musical accompaniment.

The meagre memorials of the personal history of Anacreon which have descended to posterity are not by any means commensurate with his genius and reputation; nevertheless, more is known of the Teian poet than of many of his contemporaries. Sufficient authentic

data certainly exist for at least a brief sketch of his life; not a little, too, is known of his tastes, traits, character, and disposition, and something of his works. Herodotus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Horace, Lucian, Plato, the elder Pliny, Pausanias, Aristophanes, Athenæus, Suidas, Strabo, Stobæus, Cicero, Maximus of Tyre, Valerius Maximus, Antipater of Sidon, Critias of Athens, and Meleager of Gadara have all contributed to our knowledge of the Teian bard. Surely these are authors of repute, and worthy of credence.

He was born about 561 B.C. at Teos (now Sighajik), a well-built and populous maritime city of Ionia, situate on the south side of the isthmus connecting the peninsula of Mount Mimas with the mainland and nearly opposite Clazomenæ. Teos was founded by Athamas, and hence was called Athamantis by Anacreon (Strab. XIV. 3). This city was renowned for being the birthplace of Anacreon, for its great and splendid temple of Dionysus, and for the excellent wine produced in its vicinity. It

was surrounded by massive walls, possessed two good harbours, and a fine theatre.

Notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, Anacreon was probably not of noble strain, and certainly the assertion that he was a lineal descendant of Codrus, the seventeenth and last king of Athens, is erroneous, being founded on an obviously false interpretation of a passage[1] in Plato's mime, entitled *Charmides* or *On Temperance.* This error which originated with Madame Dacier has been refuted by the learned Bayle. The name of the poet's father has been variously reported to have been Scythinus, Eumelus, Parthenius, and Aristocritus. The name of his mother was Eëtia.

Of his early youth few trustworthy particulars are extant. It is supposed that his education was the best his time afforded, and that he applied himself diligently to his studies. In the early springtime of his youth

[1] What this passage does say is that Anacreon celebrated the beauty of Critias, the son of Dropidas.

Harpagus, the general and foster-father of Cyrus, led an expedition against the confederate cities of the Ionians and Æolians.

The Teians fought bravely in defence of their independence, but being overwhelmed by superior numbers of the enemy, they relinquished their city, and settled at Abdera in Thrace about 545 B.C. They soon became involved in broils with the Thracians, who resented their intrusion, and did all they could to give them trouble.

In some of these mêlées it is probable that Anacreon himself took part, but seemingly with little credit to himself, for like Archilochus in a battle with the Thracians, Alcæus at Sigeum, and Demosthenes at Chæronea, on one occasion at least he threw away his shield and fled for his life—a course of conduct which like the above-mentioned poets and orator he has ingenuously admitted, in two extant fragments.[1] Such a dereliction from

[1] Having thrown away my shield by the banks of the fair-flowing river, I indeed fled from the battle like a cuckoo.—*Frag.* XXVIII.-IX. (Bergk).

duty was considered disgraceful by the ancients, but was not perhaps really reprehensible where the rout was general, and it was save himself who can.

Anacreon rose to fame as a poet about 530 B.C. He now betook himself by invitation to the gay and glittering court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, who was famed for his good fortune, magnificence, generosity and treachery. Here the poet's fine parts and refined epicureanism ensured him a warm welcome.

Herodotus relates[1] that once when Polycrates gave audience to a herald sent by Orœtes, satrap of Sardis, to prefer a request the nature whereof is unknown, the king was reclining on a couch in the men's apartment of the palace, and Anacreon the Teian was with him. Polycrates, either to show his contempt for the power of Orœtes, or it may be out of carelessness, lay all the time the herald was speaking with his face turned

[1] *Hist.* III. 121.

towards the wall, and when the speech was ended did not vouchsafe any reply.

Anacreon was highly honoured by Polycrates, with whom he lived on terms of close friendship, sharing the pleasures and being admitted to the most secret councils of that monarch, in whose praise he composed many songs, none of which unfortunately have escaped the malice of time. It is said that Anacreon now evinced talents for political affairs and statecraft, and was made one of the privy councillors of Polycrates, whom he prevailed upon to carry out some needed reforms in the government of the island.

The conduct of Anacreon, however, as the courtier encomiast of Polycrates has been contrasted with that of Pythagoras, who on his return from his travels in the Orient, whither he had journeyed in quest of knowledge, finding that tyranny subsisted in Samos, voluntarily expatriated himself from his native island, and settling in southern Italy there finished his days. Nevertheless, it is but fair

to state that the songs which Anacreon wrote in praise of Polycrates probably came less from his heart than those in which he celebrated the comely youths whom the Samian tyrant had attracted to his voluptuous court.

The Platonic philosopher, Maximus of Tyre, who flourished in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, recounts[1] that the poet by his beneficent influence mollified the stern and cruel disposition of his royal patron. The same author also says that not even the warning of Amasis, King of Egypt, that the too great prosperity of Polycrates would eventually excite the envy of the gods could make the Samian despot doubt the security of his happiness, when he had the command of the Ionian sea, a navy so powerful, and such a friend as Anacreon.

However, the poet's royal patron when in the zenith of his power was decoyed with specious promises to Magnesia on the Mæander

[1] Max. Tyr. Diss. XXXVII. 5.

by the envious satrap of Sardis, Orœtes, who there put him to death by crucifixion in 522 B.C.

Some time before the death of Polycrates Anacreon had repaired to Athens, having been invited hither by Hipparchus, one of the Pisistratidæ, who seems to have been of almost equal power in the state with his elder brother Hippias who had succeeded to the tyranny.

Pisistratus had been instrumental in bringing Thespis to Athens, and to him posterity is in all probability indebted for the preservation and recension of the poems of Homer.[1] From his father Hipparchus inherited his love of literature and the arts. It is reported that Hipparchus sent to Samos a fifty-oared

[1] In referring to Thespis as the founder of Greek tragedy, in stating that Phrynichus contributed something to the improvement of the same, and in asserting that Pisistratu- preserved and edited the poems of Homer, I have followed the opinions of the ancient Greeks themselves. The states ment that Hippias and not Hipparchus succeeded his father in the tyranny at Athens, is supported by the authority of Herodotus and Thucydides.

trireme whose banks of lusty rowers sweeping the sparkling brine sped the graceful poet of pleasure over the blue Ægean to the City of the Violet Crown.[1]

At the court of Hippias Anacreon was received with every mark of honour and esteem. Here as at Samos the poet's works were appreciated as they deserved, and the social environment in which he lived was no doubt congenial to him. In the glorious galaxy of poets which illumed with lamping lustre the Athenian court, Anacreon shone a bright particular star. It is probable also that he was a welcome guest in the homes of the great Athenian families.

At the court of Polycrates Anacreon had enjoyed the society of Ibycus of Rhegium. At Athens he gained the friendship of Xanthippus, father of Pericles, and of Simonides of Ceos, surnamed Melicertes, the reputed inventor of the art of mnemonics, and the perfecter of the elegy and the epigram. It is

[1] Plat. *Hipparch.* p. 228. Ed. Steph.

also probable that Anacreon met here with the dithyrambic poet, Lasus of Hermione, with the mystic bard and interpreter of oracles, Onomacritus, and with the Orphic poet, Zopyrus of Heraclea, all of whom lived under the patronage of Hipparchus, at the court of Hippias.

Hipparchus having conceived an enmity against Harmodius, a beautiful youth of the Gephyræi whose friendship he had in vain endeavoured to attract to himself, caused the sister of the former to be chosen as one of the Canephoræ or basket-carriers in a religious procession, and when she presented herself for the office caused her to be rejected as unworthy of it. For this wanton insult the life of Hipparchus was plotted against by Harmodius and his friend Aristogeiton, and by them he was slain on the occasion of the Panathenæan games, 514 B.C. This tragic event was celebrated in an epigram by Simonides, and was the theme of divers scolia, one of the most famous of which,

attributed to Callistratus, has been preserved by Athenæus.

It has been conjectured, but quite gratuitously, that Anacreon after the assassination of his Mæcenas lived for a time in Thessaly under the patronage of the Aleuadæ. When he left Athens he returned to Teos, to which city the Teians after the death of Cyrus had been permitted to return, and where they were now living unmolested. But at length another disturbance in the state caused by the attempt of Aristagoras, tyrant of Miletus, to throw off the Persian yoke (495 B.C.) made flight again necessary, and he retired once more to Abdera,[1] where after a number of years spent in tranquillity apart from the strife and turmoil of the world, in the enjoyment of the highest distinction as a poet, and the esteem and honour of his contemporaries he died, apparently in 476 B.C., at the advanced age of eighty-five years.[2] The manner of his

[1] Suidas, *s.v.* 'Ανακρέων and Τέω.
[2] Lucian, *Macrob. c.* 26.

death was unusual. It is related that he was choked by a grape stone as he was regaling himself with some new wine.[1]

The body of the poet was brought to his native city where his obsequies were sumptuously performed, and an imposing monument erected over his grave. The erratic habits imputed to him did not lessen the regard and admiration entertained for him by the Athenians, who after his demise erected on the Acropolis a noble statue to his memory which represented him, however, as an old man in a negligent attitude, shaken by wine, crowned with a garland, and singing to his lyre. The orator and historian Pausanias himself saw this statue, which stood near those of Pericles and Xanthippus, and has faithfully described it in his *Description of Greece*.[2]

In 1835 there was discovered on Mount Calvo in the Sabine land a striking statue which by a consensus of opinion, and with

[1] Plin. *Hist. Nat.* VII. 5, *et* Val. Max. IX. 12, § 8.
[2] 1, 25.

strong probability has been asserted to represent Anacreon. This statue, which bears considerable similitude to the figure of Anacreon on a Teian coin, is now in the Villa Borghese at Rome. The poet somewhat stout of habit is seated at ease in an arm-chair with his feet crossed. He is clad in a garment of thick and soft material, and wears richly adorned sandals. The eyes which probably were of precious stones are missing. Only the posture of the upper part of the body, and of the right arm suggests the passionate verve whereof the poet was capable. No prominence has been given by the sculptor to the alleged erotic and Dionysian characteristics of the poet which are in evidence in the statue described by Pausanias, and by Leonidas of Tarentum in an epigram in the Anthology. This work of art has been ascribed, but on insufficient grounds, to Cresilas, the contemporary of Phidias.

In an epigram inscribed in uncial characters on an old marble and falsely attributed to

Theocritus it is said that there was a famous statue of Anacreon in Teos.

Anacreon is represented on certain Teian coins, with his lyre in his hand, sometimes sitting [1] and sometimes standing.

He was an initiate in the Dionysian mysteries. To him, as to Terpander, has been ascribed the invention of the barbiton.

In the Greek Anthology there are no less than fifteen epigrams on Anacreon, who therefore receives more tributes in that florilegium than any other poet.[2] Some of them are of great beauty.

Besides Polycrates, Hipparchus, Xanthippus, Simonides of Ceos, Critias the nephew of Solon, and perhaps Ibycus, the poet numbered among his chiefest friends Bathyllus, a beautiful Samian youth in whose honour Polycrates caused to be set up in the temple of Hera at Samos a chryselephantine statue which depicted him in the guise of

[1] Visconti, *Icon. Grec.* Pl. III. 6.

[2] *See* Additional Poems, p.162 *et seq.*

Apollo playing on the lyre. Smerdis, a young Thracian, was also a well-beloved friend of Anacreon. Ælian relates[1] that once Polycrates in a fit of jealousy cut off Smerdis' hair, but Phavorinus, citing a fragment of Anacreon on this subject, would lead us to infer that the young man did it himself. Meleager of Gadara and Antipater of Sidon speak of Eurypyle as the innamorata of Anacreon, and her faithlessness seems to have inspired the pasquinade on Artemon whereof a fragment is the only specimen we possess of the poet's satiric powers. Megistes, Cleobulus and Leucaspis are also mentioned as his friends, but who they were is dark and uncertain.

Some of the stories which have been rehearsed of the Swan of Teos do not rest upon sufficient evidence to entitle them to credence, but they are all in keeping with what is known of the poet of hedonism. Such indeed is the apocryphal tale of the loves of Anacreon and

[1] *Var. Hist.* IX. 4.

Sappho. The assertion that Anacreon was one of the lovers of Sappho is founded upon the testimonies of Chamæleon of Pontus who wrote essays on the poets, and Hermesianax of Colophon, who wrote three books of elegiac poetry dedicated to his mistress, Leontium. But although it is entirely appropriate that two such choice gifted and æsthetic spirits should have been lovers, the relation of such an amour savours too much of an anachronism to be seriously entertained, for as Athenæus has pointed out,[1] the Teian bard lived in the time of Polycrates and Cyrus, but Sappho lived in the reign of Alyattes, father of Crœsus. The story of the romantic attachment of Alcæus and Sappho, supported as it is by the authority of Aristotle, is more within the limits of probability. In a fragment preserved by Hephæstion Anacreon is supposed to have referred to the tradition of the tragic fate of the Lesbian poetess.

[1] *Deipnosoph.* XIII. 72.

II

His Character and Turn of Mind

To be able to go outside of one's life, opinions and experience is one of the prerogatives of genius; to form an estimate, therefore, of an author from his works is sometimes fallacious. But as Anacreon reveals himself more or less in his writings we may to some extent seek in his all too scanty reliquiæ as well as in the testimonies of ancient writers for information in regard to his sentiments and turn of mind, his habits, temperament and tastes.

Anacreon's disposition was gay and sprightly, and he possessed in a high degree the luxurious grace, abandon and tincture of levity which were traits of the Ionian character. He envied not the prosperity of others. He was a despiser of weighty employments and the perishing lustre of the world. He

cared little for the pomp and power of princes. The following anecdote out of Stobæus shows how foreign to him was the desire of riches. He once, having received a present from Polycrates of five talents of gold (about £970), was so embarrassed with solicitude concerning his treasure, that he was unable to sleep for two successive nights. Thereupon he returned the gift to his royal patron with this apology, that however valuable the sum might be it was not a sufficient price for the trouble and anxiety of keeping it. Although a great lover of pleasure he maintained throughout the course of a long life the enviable reputation of being a just man, free from avarice, and free from ambition.

With Anacreon love was a passion of the soul. He devoted his time to poetry, music, gaiety and pleasure, and when he swept the sounding strings of his lyre, love, wine and beauty were his favourite themes. Being crowned with floral anadems, anointed with fragrant smerle and reclined on roses, he

delighted to quaff care-exiling wine while it sparkled in the cup, and to enjoy the golden present at ease and with a tranquil mind.

Indeed, the character of Anacreon, his mode of living and the modicum of philosophy to be found in his works seem to have had much in common with the hedonic philosopher Aristippus, the founder of the Cyrenaic sect, who, however, did not flourish until the time of Socrates, of whom he was a disciple.

Pleasure was the sovereign good of both poet and philosopher. The maxim of Aristippus, *Vivamus, dum licet esse, bene*, might well have served for the motto of Anacreon. Worthy, too, of the Cyrenean philosopher was the excuse which when charged with hymning the reigning beauties of the day, rather than the orthodox gods and goddesses, the poet according to the scholiast on Pindar [1] is said to have made in these words: "But are not these also lesser divinities?"

The character of Anacreon also bears some

[1] *Isthm.* II. 1.

points of resemblance to that of Petronius Arbiter. Like the Roman voluptuary Anacreon was a cultured and gallant gentleman, the canon of good taste, having little in common with the *profanum vulgus*. Like Petronius the Teian poet possessed some admirable qualities of heart and soul, and manifested on occasion capacity for affairs, independence of spirit and integrity of conduct in grave matters.

No doubt Anacreon shrank from everything coarse and brutal, and avoided as far as possible whatever was painful and unpleasant. His manners were charming, elegant and refined. He disliked anything extreme or in bad taste. As companions he much preferred the easy-tempered to those of harsh and jarring dispositions. He was a favourite with the fair sex and in the life of symposiums.[1] In the true spirit of a voluptuary his aim was to enjoy agreeably to his taste; and if in some passages of his poems the brevity of

[1] *Critias in Ath.* XIII. 600 D.

life, the surety of death and the fugacity of time were considered, it was not for the purpose of moral reflections, but rather to enhance the value of sybaritic delights, and to prompt the devotees of pleasure to seize and enjoy the present hour. There is to be found therefore in Anacreon a type of the refined and elegant man of pleasure whose life and character were vividly reflected in his works.

Like Ibycus Anacreon was paramountly a court poet. It is not probable that after the death of Hipparchus he ever returned to Athens or would have been content to live under democratic institutions. In this he was unlike Simonides, who became the chosen poet of the Athenian demos and celebrated the great events of the Persian wars.

The poet is called the wise Anacreon by Plato,[1] but it is probable that the word *σοφός* like the Latin *doctus* was not infrequently bestowed upon poets and other worthies as a title of respect. Be this as it may, the

[1] *Ἀνακρέοντος τοῦ σοφοῦ, Phæd.* 235 C.

bestowal of this epithet on the poet by Plato has led Fontenelle in one of the *Dialogues of the Dead* to represent Anacreon and Aristotle disputing for the prize of wisdom which he awards to the Swan of Teos.

Owing to the manifold poetical levities, many of them personal and subjective, which have been falsely assigned to Anacreon, much too low an estimate has been often formed of his character. This unjustifiable conception of the character of Anacreon, which unfortunately to some extent still prevails even at the present time, has been very well expressed in a quatrain by Le Fèvre, which occurs in some verses prefixed to his *Poètes Grecs*, and which is quoted in Moore's notes to his version of the *Odes of Anacreon :*

> " Aussi-c'est pour cela que la postérité
> L'a toujours justement d'âge en âge chanté
> Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goinfrerie,
> Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie."

Anacreon has been charged in divers quarters with licentiousness and inebriety.

It has also been said that his erratic habits finally unfitted him for little else than the pursuit of pleasure. Ælian,[1] however, denies that he lived in debauchery. Athenæus [2] remarks that he was sober and virtuous when he wrote; and certainly there is no evidence in any of his poetical remains that they were composed when the vine-leaf was in the ascendant.

Moreover, it is not probable that had Anacreon been greatly addicted to profligacy and excesses he would ever have attained to such a high position in the republic of letters, or have lived to such a green old age. If we are prone to condemn his morals, it must be borne in mind that the worship of Eros, Aphrodite and Dionysus was part of the religion of the ancient Greeks, and that the standard of ethics which obtained in the poet's day was far different from that of modern times.

[1] *V. H.* IX. 4. [2] *Deipnosoph.* X. 33.

III

His Works and Influence; the Anacreontea

Only an exceeding small portion of the works of the renowned Anacreon has been spared to us by the fates, and probably by the ruthless hand of ecclesiastical vandalism. It is asserted by Alcyonius [1] (Italian savant, 1486-1527) on the authority of a statement delivered orally to Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Pope Leo X., by the Greek grammarian Demetrius Chalcondylas, that towards the close of the fourth century of the Christian era the Byzantine fathers of that early age destroyed by fire the works of many of the ancient Greek poets, especially of those who wrote on erotic and convivial themes. It is said that in this literary holocaust offered up upon

[1] *De Exilio.* Ed. Lips. 1707, p. 69.

the altars of vanity and misguided zeal perished not only the works of Anacreon, but those of Sappho, Alcæus, Menander, Erinna, Bion, Mimnermus and of others. In their place were substituted the works of Gregory of Nazianzus, sometime bishop of Constantinople. Brodeau, a French critic and archæologist (1500-1563), in his commentaries on the Greek Anthology corroborates the assertion of Chalcondylas.

Three books of the odes of Anacreon were extant in the lifetime of Horace. Five books of odes ascribed to Anacreon were in existence in the time of Suidas.[1] That lexicographer seems to have flourished in the tenth century after Christ. At any rate it is tolerably certain that he lived much later than Stephen of Byzantium (sixth century A.D.) and long before Eustachius, who died in 1198 A.D. If the aforesaid books of odes were genuine productions of Anacreon, the statement that his works were burnt by certain early Greek

[1] IX. 12, § 8.

ecclesiastics becomes null and void. But it is very probable that these five books of Anacreon (so-called) were poems written by others in imitation of him.

Besides parænia and scolia Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods, elegies, encomia, dithyrambs, iambics and epigrams. Horace mentions a poem of his on the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses.[1] He was also the author of a medicinal treatise and a poem on sleep. Fulgentius alludes to a work of his on the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and also to one on the consecration of the Eagle. In honour of Polycrates and Hipparchus he composed many songs. It was particularly in his allegorical fictions, where his height of wit and fertility of invention were exhibited to great advantage, that he bore off the palm of excellence from all competitors. Several examples of this style of writing which it is said Anacreon was the first to introduce are to be found in the

[1] *Od.* I. 17.

Anacreontea, and they have been imitated by many later poets with varying degrees of success.

Not only was Anacreon widely known in his lifetime, but his posthumous fame was great. Athenæus[1] says that in his day Anacreon's name was in everybody's mouth. Gradually, however, the light and graceful Anacreontea superseded his genuine works. Scholars continued to cite passages of Anacreon to elucidate some point of grammar or metre, and antiquaries consulted his pages in regard to old customs and manners.[2] At last his works were either lost or wantonly destroyed.

The prolific Didymus the grammarian, who was the reputed author of more than four thousand books, wrote on the morals of Anacreon; Chamæleon of Pontus indited a treatise on our poet; Zenodotus of Ephesus and Aristarchus composed commentaries on his

[1] Πασίν ἐστι διάστομάτος, *Deipnosoph.* XIII. 74.
[2] Bullen's *Anacreon*, Introduct. p. xxiii.

poems, but unhappily the works of all these pristine writers have perished.

Anacreon was influenced by the Lesbian poetry, by the scolia of Pythermus, and probably by the works of Alcman and Archilochus. Anacreon makes use of the usual lyric metres such as the choriambic, Ionic *a minore*, and the logaœdic. The Ionic dimeter catalectic of the Anacreontea is only employed once in the genuine fragments. He only very occasionally used the four-line stanza so frequent in Sappho and Alcæus.

The collection of sixty poems which formerly passed as genuine relics of Anacreon are preserved in pp. 674-692 of the Anthology of Constantine Cephalas, better known as the Palatine Anthology. This valuable codex was purchased in Italy about 1550 by Dr. John Clement, a gentleman of the entourage of Sir Thomas More. Fifty-five of these Anacreontics, extant only in the Anthology of Cephalas, were first given to the world at Paris in 1554 by the scholar-printer Henri

Estienne, to whom the revival of classical learning owed so much, with his own notes and a Latin translation which has been attributed on insufficient grounds to Jean Dorat. Of the residual five odes, some he rejected altogether, and others he relegated to an appendix.

Estienne seems to have borrowed the MS. from Dr. Clement. It subsequently found its way to the library of the Counts Palatine at Heidelberg, where it was examined about the end of the year 1606 by the celebrated young classicist, Claude Salmasius. When Heidelberg was taken in 1623 by Maximilian of Bavaria, this, with other precious codices, was sent to Rome as a present to Pope Gregory XV. Here it was rebound in two parts and both, in 1797, were brought to Paris after the Peace of Tolentino by the Government of the Directoire. In 1816 the larger volume was restored to Heidelberg where it still reposes in the University Library, but the smaller, containing the odes of Anacreon

and the Anacreontea, remained in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The Palatine Anthology was not published until 1772, when it was included in Brunck's *Analecta Veterum Græcorum*.

The reasons why the Anacreontea are considered apocryphal are: (1) With one exception they are not found in the citations from Anacreon in ancient writers; (2) they are not written in the pure Ionic dialect in which Anacreon wrote; (3) on account of generalities which they contain; and (4) because of the later conception of Eros found therein. The authenticity of these odes was denied or doubted by a long line of scholars and literati from Robertellus to Thomas Moore; and the opinions of Stark and Bergk finally caused them to be rejected on all hands as genuine remains of Anacreon.

These poems, erst miscalled the odes of Anacreon and now known as the Anacreontea, are familiar to many English readers through the translations of Cowley, Stanley, Greene,

Fawkes, Urquhart, Bourne, Addison, Moore, Bryant, Arnold and others. They are written in hemiambi and Ionic dimeters. The earliest of them are surmised to date back to the third century B.C. Some of them probably belong to the Alexandrine period; others perhaps to the age of Nonnus, who flourished at the beginning of the sixth century A.D.; and still others seem to be as late as the eighth or ninth centuries of our era. Some of these poems passed as genuine compositions of Anacreon as early as the time of Aulus Gellius, who flourished under Hadrian and the Antonines.

Notwithstanding the depreciatory attitude assumed towards the Anacreontea by Stark[1] and Bergk,[2] they are—many of them—very beautiful, and have conspicuous merits. Moreover, it is to be remembered that it is through the Anacreontea and not by his scanty but precious fragments that Anacreon has

[1] *Quæstiones Anacreonticæ*. Lips. 1846.
[2] *Poetæ Lyrici Græci* (ed. 1900), Vol. IV. p. 278.

influenced so greatly the erotic and symposiac poetry of many times and lands, and has so often received the sincere flattery of imitation. However, as Greek poems they are, of course, inferior to the genuine relics of Anacreon. They have undergone vicissitudes, and have been added to at various times by divers hands.

The Greek language, rich in inflection, symbolic words and gossamer-like particles, is one of the most perfect, one of the most beautiful of tongues; and no sweeter and more beautiful specimens of Greek lyric poetry are extant than the fragments of Anacreon. The Ionic dialect wherein he wrote has a charm and softness particularly its own. It is especially well adapted to the harmony of lyric verse.

Of what then do the genuine literary remains of Anacreon consist? Of one complete ode, and ninety-two fragments,[1] which it is fortunate have come down to us in all

[1] Bergk, *op. cit.*

probability pretty much as they were written by the elegant hand of the dead poet, which crumbled into dust so many centuries agone. Seventeen epigrams which exist in the Palatine Anthology are attributed to Anacreon on somewhat doubtful authority, and are edited with the fragments by Bergk. The only entire ode (A Prayer to Artemis) which has come down to us is quite brief (only eight lines) and so are all the fragments. The longest of these (on Artemon) consists of twenty-two lines, and a number of them contain only a few words. They have been preserved by ancient authors and scholiasts on Greek poets.

The verse of Anacreon is well described by two phrases of Horace—*non elaboratum ad pedem*[1] *and simplex munditiis.*[2] His style is characterised by conciseness and lucidity, and is free from ambiguity, conceits and meretricious adornment. Flexible grace, elegance, clarity, simplicity, facility, animation, golden

[1] *Ep.* XIV. [2] *Od.* I. 5.

cadence, lightness of touch, delicacy of sentiment and artistic restraint are all traits of the Teian muse. His numbers are pleasingly modulated, and flow with a sweet melody, rolling persuasion (*ῥέουσα πειθοῦς*), like the stream in the twenty-second ode of the Anacreontea. Aristophanes says of him as of Ibycus, that he softened melody.[1] Anacreon has been called *Ἡδυμελὴς Ἀνακρέων, συμποσιῶν ἐρέθισμα, γυναικῶν ἠπερόπευμα* by Critias of Athens, and *blandus*, *suaviloquus*, *dulcis Anacreon* by Scaliger.

Of the alleged literary faults of Anacreon little or nothing has been said, as I am shrewdly of opinion that what he wrote was perfect or nearly perfect of its kind. In his poetry can be found no straining after effect, nothing far-fetched or dearly bought. The brief fragments of his hymns which remain show that his muse was capable of higher flights than the subjects which often engaged his attention required.

[1] *Χυμίζειν ἁρμονίας*, *Thesm.* 162.

In fire and passion Anacreon was surpassed by Sappho; in loftiness of thought and majesty by Pindar; in tenderness and exalted religious feeling by Simonides; in ardour of sentiment and expression by Ibycus; in deep love of nature by Theocritus; but in his own peculiar province—that of a melic poet singing in light and flowing strains of beauty, love, and wine, few have attained to the measure of the fullness of the stature of Anacreon. Well indeed for us could we transfuse into our lives some of the light, beauty and inimitable grace of his immortal muse!

ODE I

On His Lyre [1]

I FAIN would of the Atreidæ sing,
And of the mighty Theban King,[2]
But of my lyre each tender tone
Breathes love and soft desire alone.
I late restrung my rebellious lyre,
And straight amain I did aspire
To sing of deeds of high emprise

[1] This ode is usually placed first in editions and translations. It is, however, the twenty-third in the order of the Vatican MS. It has been frequently imitated, especially by erotic poets. It conveys the idea that genius, to produce successful results, must not be forced to undertake uncongenial labours. "A poet writing against his genius," says Spence the critic, "will be like a prophet without his afflatus." The ode has been thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to all the rest of the odes; it, however, characterises the genius of the Teian inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not mentioned in it.

. . . cum multi Venerem confundere mero
Præcipuit lyrici Teïa Musa senis.—Ovid.

[2] Cadmus.

Of old done by the great and wise;
And of the glorious victories
Achieved by stout-thewed Heracles.
But vain my efforts; not for me
The laurels of the epopee.
Then heroes, kings, a long farewell!—
To love I consecrate my shell.[1]

[1] The songs of the ancients were sung to the lyre, which was sometimes made to respond antiphonally to the emotions of the singer. To Anacreon the invention of the barbiton is by some ascribed.

ODE II

On Women

Nature to bulls has given horns, and hoofs to steeds,
To lions a gaping chasm of teeth to prey on weaker breeds;
To birds to fly, to fish to swim in stream and sea,
Swiftness to hares, and strength to men to battle valiantly.
No more such gifts she had for woman. What did she do?
She gave her beauty, mightiest dower and best in lieu
Of all our spears and swords, that, yielding, 'fore her fall,
For lovely woman with her charms can conquer all.[1]

[1] The sentiment of this little ode is natural and beautiful, and has been imitated by many succeeding writers. Lord

Byron has in the following beautiful passage a similar idea to that contained in the latter part of the ode:

> Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
> In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
> That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
> To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.
> *Corsair*, Canto II. 15. (THOMAS BOURNE.)

ODE III

Eros Benighted[1]

'Twas on the midnight dreary,
When north stars faintly peep,
And man with toil grown weary
Seeks the soft breast of sleep—
The god of love surprising
Me, knocked at my barrèd door.

[1] This poem for beauty and invention is unsurpassed. None of the odes has been more frequently translated than this one. Besides those who have published English versions of the odes, Herrick, Ambrose Phillips, Hughes, Prior, Elton, and Lord Byron have translated it—how many others have done so, I wot not. It is not among the odes rendered by Cowley and Broome.

Henry Sienkiewicz in *Quo Vadis*—a novel which rings and glitters with the fierce sounds and fiery splendours of Neronian Rome—describes Petronius Arbiter as commanding in his dying moments this song to be sung by minstrels to the accompaniment of citharæ. The passage in which this ode is referred to (not altogether correctly, however) is as follows: "They sang Harmodius; next the song of Anacreon resounded—that song in which he complained that on a time he had found Aphrodite's boy chilled and weeping under trees; that he brought him in, warmed him, dried his wings, and the ungrateful child pierced his heart with an arrow—from that moment peace had deserted the poet."

" Who is it? " said I, rising,
" That lets me dream no more? "
But Eros says, " I only
Am a belated child,
I have wandered cold and lonely
In moonless night and wild."
Hearing these words, with pity
My heart beat for his woes;
I ope the door—a pretty
Winged boy my lamplight shows.
Cold shiver after shiver
Ran through his body fair;
A tiny bow and quiver
The little fellow bare.
I soothed him with caresses,
Him by the fire I placed;
The water from his tresses
I wrung; his hands embraced.
But when he had grown warm, he
Says, " I will try my bow;
I fear by weather stormy
The string is injured now."
He bends it then and through my

Liver [1] a shaft he wings,
He little cares although my
Wound like a gadfly stings.
Up leaps he laughing loudly,
A mocking laugh laughs he,
And flushed with triumph proudly
Says, " Host, wish joy to me!
My bow indeed intact is:
Good-by, for we must part;
But as for you the fact is
You'll feel pain in your heart."

[1] The ancients believed the liver to be the seat of the affections.

ODE IV

On His Tastes

Stretched on tender leaves of myrtle,
And on fragrant flowers of lotus,
I desire at ease to revel.
Let fair Eros with his tunic
Girded round his shoulders serve me
With red wine in foaming goblets.
Mortal life from mortals passes
Swift as chariot wheels revolving;
Soon at best the grave will hold us,
Soon our bones dissolve to dry dust.
What availeth rich libation
Outpoured for a vain eidolon?
While I live, of wine and perfume
Grant me plenty, and with roses
Crown my head; in all her beauty
Give unto my arms my sweetheart.
Ere I join the ranks of shades that
Dwell in Pluto's gloomy kingdom
I would make dark care evanish.

ODE V

On the Rose

The rose, the flower of Cupid,
Let us mix with our wine,
And on our brows have groupèd
Rose-chaplets, leaves of vine.

Our temples bound with flowers,
We'll drink with laughter light,
And urge the flying hours,
With faces glowing bright.

The rose of flowers the best is,
Of spring the favourite;
And more than all the rest is
The deities' delight.

The god of shining winglets
His beauty to enhance
With roses decks his ringlets
When Graces with him dance.

Crown me; of wine the pleasures
Upon my lyre I'll sound,
And with fair maidens measures
Dance, merry and rose-crowned.[1]

[1] This spirited poem is an eulogy on the rose, and again in the fifty-third ode we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower.—ROCHE.

The ancients used wreaths of flowers and perfumes at their entertainments, not only for pleasure, but because they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.—FAWKES.

ODE VI

On a Revel

Rosy wine we're freely quaffing,
With rose-garlands temple-crowned;
Merrily ring our voices laughing
As we pass the bowl around.
A trim-ankled maid is shaking
(With eyes lit with coy desire)
A wreathèd thyrsus, pirouettes making
To the music of a lyre.
Lo, a youth with downy tresses
Dulcet praise of pleasure sings,
And with skilful touch caresses
The lute's trembling, murmuring strings.
Eros golden-haired is present;
Lovely Venus, beauty's queen,
Bacchus, loved of king and peasant,
Grace the revel's pleasant scene.
Singing many a jovial strain,
We old men seem young again.

ODE VII

The Power of Love

Armed with a hyacinthine wand
Love touched me with his little hand—
A most imperious command.

He gave me a swift race to run
With him—by torrents on and on,
By moor and meadow, wood and lawn

Our flight we urged; to him I clung—
When me a water-serpent stung,[1]
Whereat my heart paused, failed my tongue.

He with his wings soft as a dove
Fanned me, and cried, "Does this not prove
How vain it is to strive with Love?"

[1] His being stung by a serpent, as Mme. Dacier observes, was to punish his insensibility, and to show that Love, if he would submit to his dominion, would take him under his protection.—Fawkes.

ODE VIII

The Dream

In the dark watches of the night
Reclined upon a purple bed,
Delicious dreams of import bright
The god of wine upon me shed.

Methought that I with flying feet
A band of beauteous nymphs pursued,
And hurrying on with rapture sweet
I gained upon the lovely crowd,

While youths as fair as Bacchus is
(The youthful god forever young)
Seeing but sharing not my bliss
Jeered at me as I rushed along.

A kiss I ask, but as I seem
Upon the verge of keen delight
Flies far from me the pleasant dream
And I awake—a hapless wight.

Then lonely, wretched, sad I strive
(My hopeful pleasure turned to pain)
The dear delusion to revive
(By courting sleep's soft charms again.)

ODE IX

On a Dove[1]

Tell me, O pretty dove, whither art thou flying?
Prithee whither comest, whither dost thou go?
Perfumes in the air are all around thee dying
As on tender wings thou flutterest to and fro.
Tell me, bird, thine errand, for I fain would know it,
Ere thou swiftly speed'st beyond my raptured sight.
"I the envoy am of Anacreon the poet
Sent unto Bathyllus, men's and maids' delight.

[1] Interest in this ingenious apologue is augmented by the strong characterisation imparted to the feathered messenger. Concerning this ode Dr. Samuel Johnson, who made a metrical version of it, remarks: "As I was never struck with anything in the Greek language till I read Anacreon's Dove, so have I never read anything in the language since, that pleased me more."

Venus to the Teian sold me, from him taking
A little hymn in barter that sweetly breathed her praise;
So the Cyprian court and beauty's queen forsaking,
I carry his love-letters and serve him many ways.
He says, with rosy wine made generous and fervent,
That soon he will discharge me and give me liberty;
But though he should dismiss me I will remain his servant,
For why should I go wandering o'er field and mountain free,
Scant morsels and stray bits of rustic coarse food seeking
When now white bread in plenty from his loved hand I peck?
He freely gives me wine,[1] most kindly to me speaking,

[1] Mrs. Browning, amongst whose works is also to be found a poetical version of Ode XXXIII., in a poem addressed to a

Which having drunk I frolic and nestle in
his neck.
Whenever I would slumber I sleep upon his
lyre
While he upon its strings a soothing song
will play;
Thou know'st all! Begone! For I of talking
tire:
You've made me chatter more than even a
garrulous jay."

friend who had made her a present of some Cyprian wine, refers to this passage in the following stanza:—

Do not mock me; with my mortal
Suits no wreath again, indeed;
I am sad-voiced as the turtle
Which Anacreon used to feed.
Yet as that same bird demurely
Wet her beak in cup of his;
So without a garland, surely,
I may touch the brim of this.

ODE X

On a Waxen Eros

A certain youth for sale had brought
A waxen Eros; standing by
I asked the owner eagerly
For how much could the toy be bought.

"Take him at your own price," said he
In Doric: "Sir, the truth to tell,
I make no images to sell,
But from Love's thraldom I'd be free.

The naughty fellow gives me rest
Nor day nor night, so I am fain
To part with him, that not again
He may disturb with pranks my breast."

"Here for a drachm give him to me."
I'll throw thee, Eros, in the fire
If thou with amorous desire
Enflam'st me not immediately.

ODE XI

On Himself

I often by the girls am told:
" Anacreon, thou'rt growing old,
  Look in thy glass and see
How scanty is thy falling hair,
How wrinkled is thy forehead bare;
  Age sets his hand on thee."

If that old age in foul despite
Makes thin my hair, and winter-white
  I care not—but I know
It best behooves a hale old fellow
Like me with Bacchus to be mellow,
  Ere to dark death I go.

ODE XII

On a Swallow

What revenge, say, shall I take
For the unseemly noise you make,
Swallow, chattering at the dawn's first ray?
Seizing, shall I clip your light
Wings so swift in circling flight,
Or, like Tereus, cut your tongue away? [1]
By your tuneless ceaseless cheep
You have banished pleasant sleep,
And the dreams of love I fain would stay.

[1] From this passage of Anacreon it should seem that Philomela was changed into a swallow and not Progne, as Ovid and others have asserted.—Fawkes.

ODE XIII

On Atys

Atys, as old poets tell,
Madly howled Cybele's name,
Wandering by mount and dell.

Shouted they with loud acclaim
Who had drunk of Clarus' [1] spring,
Thrilled with mad prophetic grame.

Joyous carols will I sing,
Worshipping at Bacchus' shrine,
And care to the winds will fling.

Roses on my brows I'll twine,
And with perfumes saturate
Prove the joys of love and wine.

[1] Clarus was a small town situated on the Ionian coast near Colophon, celebrated for its temple with an oracle of Apollo, which was built by Manto, daughter of Tiresias, after her flight from Thebes. Here was born Antimachus.

ODE XIV

The Combat[1]

Yes, yes, I yield, O god of love!
I own thy proud imperious rule.
In vain all combats 'gainst thee prove,
Who strives with thee is but a fool.
Eros with many a subtle art
Strove long to win my wayward heart;
Inflamed with mad rebellious pride
His sovereign power I denied.

At once he seized his little bow
And golden quiver arrow-filled,
Saying, " Let us to battle go! "
I scorned without a blow to yield.

[1] The subject of this ode is to show the irresistible nature of Love. In this piece Anacreon discovers a wonderful delicacy of invention; nothing can be imagined more entertaining than this combat, the preparation for it, the issue of it, and that natural and admirable reflection with which it concludes.—Fawkes.

So helm and corslet, spear and shield
I took, and sought the martial field,
Like famed Achilles did I move
In panoply and fought with Love.

With many a shaft he pierced me through
Till all his darts at last were gone.
I fled; straightway he angry grew,
And quickly threw himself upon
Me, even as a swift-winged dart
He shot himself into my heart;
Unnerved, my courage ebbed away,
And conquered at his feet I lay.

What use is armour, shield or spear
'Gainst Love; defence to folly turns;
No victory can I win, 'tis clear,
While war within me fiercely burns.

ODE XV

On Living Unenviously[1]

I envy not the wealth and pride
Of Gyges[2] and his crime-bought bride.

I frown on treasured heaps of gold,
And princes' pomp I lightly hold.

[1] The argument of this ode is: *Vacui curis dum vivimus et valemus, læti fruamur bonis.* Barnes gives this ode a different title which he takes from the Vatican MS., viz.: Εἰς τὸ ἀφθόνως ζῆν, *Quod libere sit vivendum;* or, *On Living Freely.* He conjectures that Anacreon wrote it on the occasion of his returning the money to Polycrates according to the anecdote in Stobæus.—Roche.

The anecdote in Stobæus is as follows: Anacreon having received a present of five talents of gold from Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was so embarrassed with cares and solicitudes about his treasure, that he could not sleep for two nights successively; whereupon he sent back the present with this apology to his patron: "That however valuable the sum might be, it was not a sufficient price for the trouble and anxiety of keeping it."—Fawkes.

[2] Gyges was a minister of Candaules, last Heraclid King of Lydia, whose wife Nyssa, a Bactrian, was distinguished for her personal attractions, and was much admired by her husband as a nonpareil of beauty. Having commended her

To scent my beard with perfumed showers,
To wreathe my temples with fair flowers—

Such are my care and my delight;
I merrily revel day and night.

My lyre of present pleasure sings;
We know not what to-morrow brings.

Then while fair halcyon hours are thine
Dice, and quaff mirth-enkindling wine,

Ere death with icy tones shall say;
" Drink thou no longer—come away! "

charms very highly to Gyges, he undertook to prove that his praises of her were deserved by discovering her to him *in puris naturalibus* when she was at the bath. The queen, who was aware of this affront offered to her modesty, told Gyges emphatically that he must either kill the king or be slain himself. He therefore stabbed Candaules, married the queen, and made himself master of the kingdom, over which he reigned for thirty-eight years, founding the dynasty of the Mermnadæ. On this subject a beautiful tale entitled *Le Roi Candaule* has been written by Théophile Gautier. Gyges was feigned to be the owner of a famous brazen ring, which, like Pluto's helmet, possessed the property of rendering the wearer invisible.

ODE XVI

The Captive

Some tell of Thebes [1] and some relate
Of Phrygian wars the conflicts dire;
But I, who feel no martial fire,
A captive, glory in my fate.

Of fleets victorious am I
No slave; nor yet an army's prize:
My conquerors they are the sly
Foes darting fires from my love's eyes.

[1] The poet alludes to the expedition of the Seven against Thebes mentioned in *The Iliad*, Book IV.

ODE XVII

On a Silver Drinking Cup

Skilled Hephæstus, matchless wright,
Carve me from this silver bright
Neither arms nor panoply;
Battles, wars, are naught to me.
Fashion me a hollow bowl,
Deep so that my thirsty soul
In its depths my cares may sink
When the grateful juice I drink.
Grave me no fantastic forms,
Nor Orion, star of storms;
Neither let Boötes rise
Glittering in the mimic skies;
Nor the Wain nor Pleiades;
What have I to do with these!
Master, on the goblet shape
Purple clusters of the grape;

Let the wine-press, too, be trod
By love's naked gold-tressed god,
And let fair Lyæus be
Present at the revelry.[1]

[1] This admired ode is quoted by Aulus Gellius in his *Noctes Atticæ*, where he says that he heard it sung and played by minstrels of both sexes at an entertainment at which he was present.

ODE XVIII

On the Same

Artist of the skilful hand,
Grave me a bowl, and on it show
Floral pomp of gracious spring;
Listen now to my command:
On it let bright roses grow,
Carve me birds upon the wing.
Draw the revel's mirthful whirl,
All the mad wine-kindled swirl.

Tale of horror, cruel rite,
Battle-scene or sacrifice,
Do not there depict for me.
Venus, queen of soft delight,
Bacchus reeling tipsy-wise,
On the cup let pictured be.
And beneath a broad-leaved vine
Let Love and the Graces twine.

Love shall be without his arms,
Laughing in his naked charms:
And if not there Phœbus play
Red-lipped comely youths portray.[1]

ODE XIX

Reasons for Drinking

The earth drinks the rain,
And the trees the earth drain:
The sea drinks the breeze,
And the sun drinks the seas.

[1] Because the beautiful youth Hyacinthus was accidentally killed by Apollo as they were playing together at quoits.

The moon drinks the sun—[1]
Then why should we shun
Wine, tell me each one!
If I revel at ease,
And drink when I please
Who can blame me? None! [2]

[1] Cf. Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. Sc. 3:—

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.

[2] Ronsard translates this ode thus:—

La terre les eaux va boivent,
L'arbre la boit, par sa racine:
La mer salée boit le vent,
Et le soleil boit la marine.
Le soleil est beu de la lune,
Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas;
Suivant ceste regle commune
Pourquoi donc ne boirons-nous pas?

ODE XX

To His Mistress

Alone on arid Phrygian sands
Pale Niobe a statue stands,
And Progne, all her sorrows done,
A flitting swallow twitters on.
But if I underwent, I wis,
Some pleasing metamorphosis,
Ah sweet! thy mirror I would be
That thou might'st often gaze at me.
And I would be thy silken vest,
That thou might'st fold me to thy breast;
Would that I were a cooling wave
Thy soft and rosy limbs to lave.
Thy perfume I would be, my fair,
Mixed in the torrents of thy hair;
I fain would be thy girdle placed
Chastely around thy shapely waist;

A necklace I would be enwound
Closely thy arching neck around;
Or e'en thy slipper I would be
By thy trim foot pressed daintily.[1]

[1] Cf. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. 2:—

O that I were that glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek,

and Sonnet CXXVIII. in which the poet wishes to be the jacks (*i.e.* keys) of the instrument his lady plays, that like them he may kiss her hand. For the better understanding of this pretty conceit it is necessary to cite the entire sonnet:—

How oft, when thou my music, music playst,
Upon that blessèd wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayst
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips that should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness, by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Thus, too, the first song in *The Miller's Daughter* by Tennyson:—

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace
All day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs:
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

The following epigram from the Anthology, by Dionysius the sophist, contains also ideas similar to those so gallantly expressed in this ode:—

I wish myself a gentle breeze to blow,
O'er your fair bosom unconfined I'd flow,
And wanton on those little hills of snow.
I wish myself a rose in purple dressed,
That you might place me on your snowy breast.
I wish myself a lily, lovely fair,
That I might kiss your skin, and gather whiteness there.

Similar sentiments are expressed in the following stanza, of which the first four lines are quoted by Burns from an old ballad:—

" O, that my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I myself a drap o' dew,
Into her bonny breast to fa'! "
O, then beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
Sunk in her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fleyed awa' by Phœbus' light.

ODE XXI

Summer

Give me, maids, deep draughts of wine[1]
For exhausted with the heat
I am gasping; of flowers sweet
Round my temples fresh wreaths twine.

For the garlands I wear now
Scorched are by my burning brow.
But Love's fires, O heart, in you
How, ye gods, can I subdue?

[1] In the Greek πιεῖν ἀμυστί. Amystis was a Thracian fashion of drinking, which consisted in swallowing a certain amount of liquor without taking breath or closing the mouth.—Madame Dacier.

ODE XXII

The Retreat

Bathyllus, let us seek yon bower,
A balmy breeze the branches stirs;
We there may spend a tranquil hour,
And list to feathered choristers.

A crystal stream flows gently by,
Rolling persuasion through the grove;[1]
And in a soft and languorous sigh
Whispers of dreamful rest and love.

All things combine to melt the heart,
And loose the shackles of dark care;
To sorrow bid and pain depart—
Who would not willingly rest there?

[1] In the original Πηγὴ ῥέουσα πειθοῦς — a line which has been much praised by critics and commentators for its inimitable grace and delicacy.

ODE XXIII

On the Love of Lucre

If wealth would lengthen life's short span
I'd love it well as any man
  And zealously guard my gold;
That if the Reaper, Death, drew nigh
He might take some, and bribed thereby
  His dreadful darts withhold.
But since we cannot purchase life
Or youth or happiness, all strife
  For worldly gain is vain.
What boots it then to sigh or mourn?
The miser's from his treasure torn
  By Death's remorseless bane.
For if by fate decreed is death
Gold cannot stay man's fleeting breath.—
  Be it mine with flower-crowned head
To drink with boon friends; in my arms
To clasp my fair in all her charms,
  Ere I lie cold and dead.

ODE XXIV

The Gay Reveller

Since I was born mortal to tread pathways of years that fast
Fly like youth's dreams full well I know the time that is overpast.
But as to future fate, sorrow or joy, none can tell what shall be:
Then O care, grievous and black, what hast to do with me!
Ere shall dark death fall on mine eyes, sealing their lids with night,
I with dance, revel, and mirth will grasp the present's delight.

ODE XXV

Wine and Care

When I drink wine care sleeps.
What with sorrow and pain
Have my numbers to do?
Swiftly time's current sweeps:
Though to live I am fain
As others must I die too.
While through our veins life leaps
The bowl to the lees let us drain,
For while we drink care sleeps.

ODE XXVI

The Joys of Wine

When I drink wine my cares are lulled to rest,[1]
No longer sorrow reigneth in my breast.

Of the vast treasures of the Lydian King[2]
Deeming myself possessed, I wish to sing.

The passing glories of my wine-bred dream
Make earthly things to me as trifles seem.

With ivy crowned I languidly recline
Singing the praises of the god of wine.

Gird on thine armour, thou who tak'st delight
In martial splendour, and the fiery fight.

[1] Cf. Hor. *Odes*, I. 18:—

. . . neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt solicitudines.

Carking cares and griefs malign
Are dispelled by rosy wine.

[2] Crœsus.

Boy, brim the bowl! the vine's blood I would
shed—
'Tis better to lie temulent than dead.[1]

[1] Walter Mapes, an old Anglo-Latin poet, yields the palm to none in fidelity to Bacchus, as the following couplet of his evinces:—

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori.

When comes the time I needs must go
To Orcus and the shades below,
In festal hall mid mirth and revelry,
And where the wine-cup sparkles, let me die.

ODE XXVII

On Bacchus

When Jove's son Bacchus, foe of pain
And sorrow, enters in my brain—
When I with wine am made elate
I careless sport of future fate
  Mid laughter, song and revelry.
The heart-uplifting joys of wine
Thrill me with transports quite divine;
Queen Venus and the sounding lyre
Enkindling verve and blithe desire
  Fire me to trip it merrily.

ODE XXVIII

Portrait of His Mistress

O master of the Rhodian art,
Come paint for me with skilful care
The portrait of my absent fair,
Who reigns the empress of my heart.
To thee each charm I will declare:
First paint me then her flowing hair

Both soft and black; and if the wax
Be able let it breathe perfume;
With gleaming tints its waves illume.
See no detail the picture lacks
That I may tell thee; paint below
Her tresses her smooth-as-ivory brow.

Nor wholly separate or join
Her silken eyebrows dark as night,
But prithee make them glossy-bright
And arched like Love's bow; and her eyne—
Let them have spirit, brightness, fire,
And be lit like Venus' with desire.

Let them be, too, like Pallas' blue,
But wantoner and tenderer far
Than those of that grave goddess are;
And let her soul their depths shine through.
To paint her soft cheeks and straight nose
Together mingle milk and rose.

Paint pouting for a lover's kiss
Her lips with coral fire aglow,
Wherefrom clear silver speech doth flow
As eloquent as Peitho's is.[1]
Let many pleasing graces deck
Her delicate chin, and ivory neck.

[1] The ancients, to give us an idea of a mouth perfectly agreeable, generally represented it by the lips of persuasion.—FAWKES.

Peitho (Πειθώ) in Greek mythology is the personification of persuasion. She is not mentioned in Homer, and first appears in Hesiod (*Works and Days*, 73) in the legend of Pandora. Like the Erotes and Charites she usually accompanies Aphrodite. Her prominence in later literature was perchance due to Sappho, Ibycus, Anacreon, and other lyric poets. She is usually the familiar of Aphrodite, but is also connected with Hermes as the god of eloquence. She seems to have had a separate worship at Sicyon and Athens. By the Romans she was called Suada and Suadela.

As for the rest, her body drape
In a translucent violet dress
Which may to trancèd eyes express
The glowing beauties of her shape.
Enough, enough, 'tis what I seek,
It is my love—she soon will speak.

ODE XXIX

Portrait of Bathyllus

Come, paint me my Bathyllus fair
As I shall tell to thee;
First make his wavy wealth of hair,
And let it blackish be,

But shot with sunny gleams, nor show
It trimmed or braided; and
At random let it freely flow,
Curled but by nature's hand.

Beneath his eyebrows glossy-dark
Let his fresh forehead rise
White and unwrinkled; painter, mark
How I would have his eyes.

Let them be dark and bright and keen,
And let them breathe desire;
From Venus take their wanton sheen,
From Mars their earnest fire.

Let a blush o'erspread his lovely face
Which modesty imprints;
Let it have every youthful grace,
And be downy as the quince.

His rosy lips, O how could I
Portray?—mere words would fail;
But let them soft persuasion sigh,
And flower-like sweets exhale.
. . . . .[1]

Well were it if the picture had
A speaking silence; now
Of Adon the neck and shoulders add,
And Hermes' hands bestow.

I shall say nothing of his feet;
What price thou wilt demand.
Take Apollo's statue, and from it
With what skill thou canst command

Depict the charms whereof I shall
Not speak, and fame will follow;

[1] Here follows in the original a *parum-pudici* passage which has been left untranslated.

Shouldst go to Samos none could tell
Bathyllus from Apollo.[1]

[1] There was a famous temple of Apollo at Samos. Polycrates had a statue erected there to the beautiful youth, Bathyllus, which represented him in the guise of Apollo playing on the lyre. Ode XXII. is addressed to him, and he is mentioned in Odes IX. and XVII. Horace, *Epode* XIV., thus refers to the friendship of Anacreon and Bathyllus:—

Non aliter Samio dicunt arsine Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teium,
Qui persæpe cava testudine flevit amorem,
Non elaboratum ad pedem.

'Tis said the tuneful Teian bard admired
Bathyllus, and with genial ardour fired
Sang to his lyre, with tender truth,
Sweet praises of the Samian youth.

ODE XXX

The Voluntary Captive

Once Love by the fair Muses being caught
Flower-bound to Beauty was brought.

Venus without her darling ill at ease
Now seeks him to release

With ransoms; but endeavours all are vain,
For Eros hugs his chain.

From Beauty parted he'll no longer dwell,
He loves his serfdom well.[1]

[1] This ode is very fine and the fiction extremely ingenious. I believe that Anacreon would inculcate that beauty alone cannot long secure a conquest, but that where wit and beauty meet it is impossible for a lover to disengage himself.—Madame Dacier.

Cf. Moschus, *Love the Runaway*, Idyllium I.

ODE XXXI [1]

Pleasing Frenzy

Permit me, by the gods, I pray, to-night
In the wine's rosy tide
To sink my sorrows, frantic with delight—
Not like the matricide

Alcmæon, or Orestes guilty of
A like crime, would I be
Mad, but in harmless dalliance of love
Wine-thrilled join merrily.

No furies me pursue, no one I've slain,
Yet I'll be mad also.
I shake no quiver (war's arts I disdain)
Or Iphitean bow.

[1] This ode and Ode XIII. (On Atys) are informed with the true spirit of the Dionysia, and breathe the abandon and wild transports of that mystic cult.

Once Ajax frantic wandered brandishing
The seven-fold shield and sword
Of Hector—self-slain his strong soul took wing—
So fell the envious lord.

But bowl in hand, my tresses chaplet-crowned,
With neither sword nor bow
I'll tread the fervent dances' mazy round,
Mad, and with wine aglow.

ODE XXXII

On the Number of His Amours

If you can count the leaves of the trees,
Or the foaming waves of the untamed seas,
Then will I entrust to you alone
To reckon the amours I have known.
Take at Athens twenty mistresses,
And then you may add fifteen to these.
Put me a countless number down
At Corinth,[1] that famed Achæan town,
Where the women are so dangerously fair
From falling in love one can't escape there.
My Lesbian I will now indite,
Next Ionian and Carian; and you may write
Many at Rhodes, all my heart's delight.
The sum when computed carefully
Will about two thousand prove to be.

[1] Corinth, the metropolis of Achæa, was famous for its lorettes, whose extravagant demands upon the purses of their admirers gave rise to the proverb *Non cuivis homini contigit adire Corinthum* ("Every man cannot go to Corinth.") —Longuepierre.

What! do you think the list is done?
Why, good my friend, I have just begun.
I've yet to mention my Syrian fair,
With their tender ways and coquettish air.
My loves of Canopus, and those of Crete
Where Lord Love holdeth his revels sweet.
I have not told you of those at Cadiz,
A town far-famed for its lovely ladies.
My Bactrian fair you must yet enroll,
And the Indian flames that fire my soul.[1]

[1] Cf. Cowley's ballad *The Chronicle*, which is one of the most natural and graceful poems of the once admired English Pindar, and which was probably suggested by this ode. Cowley translated eleven of the odes, and wrote an elegy on the Teian poet, all of which are free from the tortuous metaphysical conceits with which many of his writings abound, and have received high and condign praise. From the elegy just mentioned, which is spoken throughout by the god of love, Fawkes quotes the following lines as giving a just estimate of the odes:—

> All thy verse is softer far
> Than the downy feathers are
> Of my wings or of my arrows,
> Of my mother's doves or sparrows;
> Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round,
> All with Venus' girdle bound.

ODE XXXIII

On a Swallow

Yes, here, my pretty swallow, twittering guest,
You every summer build your little nest,
And wing your flight ere comes the snow
To Memphis, or you seek the shores of Nile.
But Eros in my heart with many a wile
His nest weaves and he will not go.[1]
One love is fully fledged and one is still
Within the shell; another half-fledged will
Become a grown love shortly; so
Great is the noise they make no peace at all
I have; the larger ones support the small.
In turn the younger nurslings too
Produce an infant brood. I cannot free
Myself from so many light loves' slavery:
Except to yield what can I do?

[1] Anacreon is not singular in representing Cupid as a bird, and with propriety, because he is imped with wings, and his flight is surprisingly rapid. Bion speaks of love as a bird in his second idyllium.—Fawkes.

ODE XXXIV

To a Damsel

Fly not, sweet, from my side,
Scorning the snow of my tresses;
Neither reject my caresses,
O fair in thy freshness and pride,
Because thou'rt a beauty, my Phyllis.
Frail thine each soft charm that glows is;
Time will thy bright hair make hoary.
In chaplets behold how the lilies
Blend their white snow-shining glory
With the orient flush of the roses.

ODE XXXV

On Europa

This pictured bull doth seem to me
None else than Jove himself to be;
'Cross foaming wastes he keeps his track,
A fair Sidonian on his back;
The billows with his hoof cleaves he.

No other bull could e'er be found
To leave like him his pasture ground,
And brave the perils of the sea.

ODE XXXVI

Life Should Be Enjoyed[1]

Prate not of the savants' rules,
Or the squabbles of the schools,

Or the sophists' subtle wit,
For I have no part in it.

Teach me not to pose and think,
Rather teach me how to drink,

And, with many a sprightly sally,
Teach me how in love to dally.

[1] The sentiments of the subjoined brief Anacreontic from Herrick's *Hesperides* are somewhat similar to those of the last four lines of this ode:—

Born I was to be old,
And for to die here;
After that in the mould
Long for to lie here.
But before that day comes
Still I be bousing;
For I know in the tombs
There's no carousing.

Mine are tresses winter-white,
I've scant time to snare delight,

But the few years left to me
I'll enjoy right merrily.

Water mix, O boy, with wine;
Let the vine's red glories shine;

Reason let and memory sleep
While my soul in wine I steep.

Soon in joyless sunless gloom
Must I lie within the tomb.

Fill the gleaming goblet higher,
After death is no desire.

ODE XXXVII

On Spring

Behold, the rose-cheeked gracile spring
Brings in again her laughing hours
And shakes delight from either wing.

The Graces dancing in a ring
In naked beauty scatter flowers,
The calm blue waves are slumbering.

Behold, the duck in waters clear
Dives airily: the wandering crane
Flaps white wings by the grass-fringed mere.

Ploughed field, bare fallow, flowering lea,
Fell, mountain, plain and wold and dell
Are clad in joyous greenery.

The tender olive, too, we see
Shoot forth: the vines full laden swell,
Foreshadowing fair fruits to be.

ODE XXXVIII

Young Old Age

I'm growing old, the years speed by;
And soon my last song will be sung;
But still, and this none can deny,
I drink more than the young.

When in the dance's mirthful maze
I trip it featly with the best,
For sceptre I a flagon raise,
Upon no staff I rest.

Let him whose soul can take delight
In martial pageantry and war
Seek glory on the field of fight,
To drink is better far.

The goblet bring, my favourite page,
And old Silenus, friends, you'll see
(Despite the incubus of age)
Outdone by merry me.

ODE XXXIX

The Transports of Wine

When I drink wine my veins ever with rapture thrill,
Glory and fire of song my breast joy-lightened fill.

When I drink wine care flies borne on the winds that sweep
Over the desolate wastes of the roaring restless deep.

When I drink wine I seem whirled in a flying dream,
Tossed on a perfumed breeze, lulled by a murmuring stream.

When I drink wine my brows I wreathe with chaplets of flowers,
Praises of pleasure I sing, and calm of light laughing hours.

When I drink wine, being bathed with odorous spices, I hold
My fair to my heaving breast, and closely her charms enfold.

When I drink wine from a bowl fulfilled to the rosy brim
To Bacchanals' songs I list; in delight my senses swim.

Let the blessings of life be mine ere it is too late;
Soon must I lie death-chilled, dreamless of love or fate.

ODE XL

Eros Stung by a Bee

Once Eros in a fragrant bower
Midst roses chanced to linger;
And as he plucked his favourite flower
A wild bee stung his finger.
He screamed with pain, and stamped his feet
With rage, and quickly flying
To Venus said, " O mother sweet,
I perish, I am dying!
A little wingèd serpent me
With its sharp lance has wounded,
'Twas what the peasants call a bee—
I really shall be soon dead."
Queen Venus fondly soothed his pain,
And bade him cease his crying;
" Thou soon, dear, wilt be well again,"
She said, with smiles him eyeing.

And added, " If such pain the bee
Inflicts, sly little duffer,
Think of the many hearts by thee
Stung, and how much they suffer." [1]

[1] The nineteenth idyllium of Theocritus called the *Honey-Stealer* is written in imitation of this ode, but in a different metre. It is as follows:—

Τὸν κλέπταν ποτ' Ἔρωτα κακὰ κένταση μέλισσα,
κηρίον ἐκ σίμβλων συλεύμενον · ἄκρα δέ χειρῶν
δάκτυλα πάνθ' ὑπέννυξεν · ὀδ' ἄλγεε, καὶ χέρ' ἐφύσση,
καὶ τάν γᾶν ἐπάταξε, καὶ ἄλατο · τᾷ δ' Ἀφροδίτᾳ
δεῖξεν τὰν ὀδύναν, καὶ μέμφετο ὅττι γε τυτθὸν
θηρίον ἐντὶ μέλισσα, καὶ ἀλίκα τραύματα ποιεῖ.
χὰ μάτηρ γελάσασα, Τὺ δ' οὐκ ἴσον ἐσσὶ μελίσσαις ;
χὠ τυτθὸς μὲν ἔης, τὰ δὲ τραύματα ἀλίκα ποιεῖς ;

A wicked bee once filching Eros stung,
As from hive unto hive the sly god flew,
Looting the flower-sweet honeycombs among;
With finger-tips all pierced he cried and blew

His hand, and stamped upon the ground with pain,
And vaulted in the air; to Aphrodite
Sadly he came commencing to complain,
" Although the bee is small his wound is mighty."

Then said his mother smiling, " Are you not
A creature small just like the bee, I pray?
But ne'ertheless it must not be forgot—
The cruel wounds you deal—how great are they! "

ODE XLI

On a Banquet

Let us, comrades, cheerily drink wine,
And with choral chant the god divine
Praise who first us mortals taught to dance,
Him who will the joys of love enhance,
And more yielding makes the tender fair:
Him who nerves the youth in love to dare.
Loved of Cypris, sire of tipsy mirth,
'Tis to him the Graces owe their birth:
He brings solace to the eyes that weep,
Through his power is sorrow lulled asleep.
When to us fair youths brimmed beakers bear
Black care flies upon the wind-stirred air.
Let us drink the goblet's rosy freight,
Careless of inevitable fate.
What avails to brood and pine o'er sorrow?
Life is frail, we know not of the morrow.

When the bowl has made elate my mind,
Being perfumed I'm to dance inclined,
And with women fair delight to find.
Let the dull ascetic still despise
Joys that from the vine's shed blood arise.
As for us the genial bowl we'll quaff,
Bacchus praise and revel, dance and laugh.

ODE XLII

The Epicurean

I love the dance of Bacchus, and desire
With blooming youths to join the vocal choir
To chords responsive of the dulcet lyre.

But most of all I love to crown my hair
With purple hyacinths, and eke to share
Love's blisses wantoning with virgins fair.

The shafts of envy, malice, jealousy,
Sting not my heart nor break life's harmony;
Let slander-loving tongues be far from me.

Broils over wine I hate; they spoil good cheer,
And cause the revels graceless to appear;
But dancing to the lute's soft tones and clear—

And mixed with maids, Come dearest ones, I say,[1]
Let us to Venus sweet oblations pay
And gaily cull life's roses while we may.

[1] I have retained and translated the line, Φέρε, φίλταται, λέγοιμι, which Barnes has added here to complete the sense.

ODE XLIII

The Cicada

Cicada that on tall tree tops
Singst, sipping morning's dewy drops,
Thou art as happy as a king.
Their treasures all things bring

To thee; the produce of the fields,
And mellow fruits the harvest yields
Are thine; what life is merrier,
O summer's harbinger!

Thou baskest in the sun's bright rays,
A ceaseless revel are thy days;
Thou art of husbandmen a friend,
And mortals thee commend.

The maids Pierian on thee dote;
Apollo gave a tuneful note
To thee, thou skilful insect sage,
Unwasted by old age.

Song-lover free from flesh and blood,
Earth-born, to thee life seemeth good.
Thou art, enthroned on lofty trees,
Blest as the deities.[1]

[1] The tettix or cicada is a different insect from our grasshopper. It is hemipterous and has beautifully marked and variegated wings. It is fond of basking in the sun on trees and bushes, and gives forth a shrill chirping musical sound, which it makes by means of a membrane situated at the base of its abdomen, and acted upon by powerful muscles. The English harvest-fly is of the same genus. Cf. Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto III. stanza 106:—

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes save my steed's and mine
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along;

and also Tennyson's poem *The Grasshopper*, in which occur the following lines:—

Armed cap-a-pie
Full fair to see,
Unknowing fear,
Undreading loss,
A gallant cavalier
Sans peur et sans reproche;
In sunlight and in shadow
The Bayard of the meadow.

ODE XLIV

On a Dream

I dreamed I ran with fleet
Wings on my shoulders, and Love, having lead
Tied to his little feet,
Pursued and overtook me as I fled.

What does this vision mean?—
I think that though in amours in days flown
My heart has unfettered been
I am enthralled by this one love alone.

ODE XLV

The Darts of Love

Once Vulcan at the Lemnian forges making
Arrows for Cupid, skilfully of steel,
The new-made weapons Cytherea taking
Their points in honey dipped, for lover's weal.

But Cupid mingled gall: Once Mars returning
Full armed and flushed from the red field of war,
A massy spear he brandished, and discerning
Love's shafts he said, "What trifling toys these are!"

But Cupid said, "When you've received this arrow
You'll find it heavy," whereupon he went
And gave it to the war-god; its touch to his marrow
A sharp thrill sent; Cypris her merriment

In vain strove to conceal. Mars had already
Within his breast felt Love's delicious pain.
" Heavy indeed it is, come take it," said he—
But Cupid, " As a gift keep what you've
ta'en."

ODE XLVI

The Power of Gold

Not to love indeed is pain,
  Painful 'tis to be love's thrall,
But to love and love in vain
  Is the greatest pain of all.
Vain is learning, genius, wit,
  Since men bow alone to gold;
  Birth and breeding, lineage old—
All are trampled on by it.

Cursed be he who first to light
  Brought this sordid metal, may
He be plunged in endless night,
  And his memory fade away.
Gold rends every sacred tie,
  Friendship breaks and kindred parts;
  Envy breeds, and hardens hearts,
Kindles strife and enmity.

Lust of gold war's ruin brings;
Many a dark crime from it springs.
Worse than this—yea, this is worse,
'Tis the lover's fatal curse.

ODE XLVII

Youth of the Heart

I love a cheerful old fellow,
When his age has made him mellow,
And a light-hearted youth I love.
But when an old man appears
In the dance despite his years,
Though the whiteness of his tresses
That his youth has fled confesses,
His antics a young heart prove.

ODE XLVIII

Moderation

To me the lyre of Homer bring,
But minus the ensanguined string;
Let, too, be brought the measured bowl;
The laws of drinking from this scroll
I will declare.

With wine grown merry and elate,
Yet still not in an ebrious state,
I'll join the Dionysian choir,
And trill to music of the lyre
A jovial air.

ODE XLIX

To a Painter

Come, thou best of painters, prithee listen to
my sprightly lyre,
Paint upon the speaking canvas such fair
things as I desire:
First depict me smiling cities, strong with
ramparts, towers and walls,
And the wild flute-mellowed revels of the
sportive Bacchanals.
Limn me, then, the joys of lovers, paint me
Paphian delights,
Bridal torches, merry dancers, secret hymeneal
rites.[1]

[1] It is probable that in this ode Anacreon had in view the image of peace engraved by Vulcan on the shield of Achilles. Vide *Iliad*, Book XVIII.—Fawkes.

ODE L

The Beneficence of Bacchus

The god descends who makes the young
In toil unwearied, in love bold;
He adds persuasion to man's tongue,
Which wins a maid as much as gold.
He gives the dancer grace and ease,
He points the jest and aids the song,
He makes dull care fly with the breeze,
The coward brave, the feeble strong.

He guards the green-leaved spreading vine,
Whereon the ripe grape-clusters swell,
Soon to be crushed in streaming wine;
His darling grapes, he loves them well.
O! when we quaff the rosy juice
We freedom find from every woe,
Our features all their pallor lose,
Our cheeks with mantling colour glow.

Then let us pledge a health around,
'Tis the best medicine there is;
And Bacchus pray to keep us sound
Till next year brings new vintage bliss.[1]

[1] Some lines in a poem written by Ben Jonson over the door at the entrance to the Apollo, a room in the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, where he used to quaff his beloved canary, have some affinity to this ode:—

Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted;
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbean liquor,
Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.

John Oldham (1653-1683), a poet popular in his day, but now little known, has the following passage on the power of wine, written in a curious mixture of heroic and Alexandrine verses:—

Assist almighty wine, for thou alone hast power,
Assist, while with just praise I thee adore.
Thou art the world's great soul, that heavenly fire,
Which dost our dull half-kindled mass inspire.
We nothing gallant and above ourselves produce
Till thou dost finish man, and reinfuse.
Thou art the only source of all the world calls great;
Thou didst the poets first, and they the gods create:
To thee their rage, their heat, their flame they owe;
Thou must half share with art—and nature too:
They owe their glory, and renown to thee;
Thou giv'st their verse and them eternity.

ODE LI

On a Disk Exhibiting Aphrodite

Here hath some sculptor carved with bold and skilful hand
The wandering waste of waves, the silver-fretted sand;
And shown with art divine Cythera from the sea
Emergent! Ah, the peer of even gods is he.
He pictures her indeed in all her naked pride,
Only what may not be revealed the billows hide.
White as a blown foam-flower she floats upon the wave,
Obsequious waters eagerly her body lave:
She cleaves them with her rose-tipped breasts and shoulders white;
With her all-gracious smile she makes the world more bright.

She colours as with rose the ambient briny
ways,
She gleams a lily fair through violet-tinctured
haze.
Eros and Himerus upon the mimic tide
Laughing, with reins loose-flung, two sportive
dolphins ride.
Strange creatures of the deep round Paphia
crowd to pay
Homage to beauty's queen, resplendent from
the spray.[1]

[1] Aphrodite Anadyomene has always been a favourite subject for poets and painters who have striven to express, on the glowing page or speaking canvas, the enchanting visions of ideal beauty which in golden dreams and reveries have haunted their souls.

Tennyson in *The Princess*, VII. has a fine passage on this subject:—

. . . she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love;
And down the streaming crystals dropped; and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces where they decked her out
For worship without end.

ODE LII

The Vintage

Virgins and men with skilful care
Clusters of purple grapes in baskets bear

Upon their shoulders; being thrown
In the wine-press, they are trodden by men alone.

They chant the joyous vintage hymn,
Seeing the wine foam o'er the wine-vat's brim.

When old age drinks, grown debonair
He joins the dance, and shakes his silver hair.

But the youth amorous and red,
With thrilling thoughts of wine and beauty bred—

Surprising in a secret glade
On a leaf-couch asleep, a tender maid—

With kisses and words that breathe love's fire
He entices her to grant him his desire.

But when no fond entreaties may
Prevail, he forces her, unwilling to betray

Her bridal treasures; 'twas the wine
That sent him courage for his rude design.

ODE LIII

The Rose

Brow-bound with garlands of the gracious spring
The splendours of the royal rose I sing:
The joy of mortals and the gods' delight,
Emblem of tender love and beauty bright!
The flower-fair Graces in their flowing hair
Thee in the Loves' all-flowery season wear.

The Queen of Beauty with love glowing warm
With thee adorns her lovely amorous form.
In song and fable ever blooms this flower,
Worthy alone to deck the Muses' bower.

Sweet 'tis to whom the rose itself displays
In thorny paths, and unfrequented ways,
And sweet to him who plucks it fain to cherish
It ere its fresh voluptuous fragrance perish.
At feast and wassail rightly it hath place
And serves the Bacchic festivals to grace.
Nature has borrowed its hues herself to adorn,
For rosy-fingered is night-conquering morn.
The nymphs and naiads too are rosy-armed,
By Venus' rosy skin are senses charmed:
Its soothing power upon the sick is shed,
And its immortal scent embalms the dead.
The rose prevails o'er time 'fore whom all falls,
And its old age past prime of youth recalls.

On this wise was it born; when from the sea
The Cyprian Queen foam-girt rose gloriously,
And Pallas, fearful sight to powers above,
Sprang armed for battle from the brain of Jove—

'Twas then an infant flower upon the earth
In all its peerless beauty first had birth.
The gods besprinkled it with nectar showers,
(A blushing tide) and crowned it queen of flowers;
And bade it bloom in festive wreaths to twine
And bind the temples of the god of wine.[1]

[1] Different accounts are given of the origin of the rose. Bion, Idyllium I. line 66, says that the rose sprang from the blood of Adonis (*αἷμα ῥόδον τίκτει*) and the author of the *Vigil of Venus* tells us that it received its colour in the same way (*rosæ fusæ aprino de cruore*).

The rose was held in high estimation by the ancients. It was used for medicinal purposes, in embalming the dead, and in decking tombs. It was the symbol of silence, being dedicated by Eros to Harpocrates in order that he might conceal the amours of Venus. It was thought that to wear garlands of roses prevented intoxication, and when placed in the room at convivial meetings, its presence signified that all which occurred thereat was to be kept *sub rosa*.

ODE LIV

Young Again

When I see a youthful train
  Mingling in a festive ring,
I myself seem young again.

Then unto the dance I fly;
  Flowers, O my Cybeba, bring;
Wreathe my temples airily.

Cursèd age be far away,
  I will wanton with the young,
And as merry be as they.

Bring the wine-vat's sparkling treasure,
  Mellow wine will loose my tongue
While I tread the maze of pleasure.

Witness now an old man's might,
  First the revellers among
Singing, drinking all the night.

ODE LV

On Lovers

A brand of flame
On a steed's hip proclaims the owner's name.

When Parthians go
Past, them by their tiaras one may know.

So when I see
Lovers, by instinct they are known to me,

For they reveal
By looks and acts what they cannot conceal.

ODE LVI

The Love-Draught[1]

Once wandering in Flora's bowers
To gather wreaths of fragrant flowers,
I found love's god asleep
Among the roses; in my wine
I plunged him—of the draught divine
I drank a potion deep.
Now in my limbs I feel the sting
Of his light pinions fluttering.

[1] This ode is ascribed by some to Julian, King of Egypt, who wrote several elegant little pieces. Being supposed to possess much beauty, it is given in most translations of Anacreon.—Thomas Bourne.

ODE LVII

Epithalamium

(*Indited on the marriage of Stratocles and Myrilla*)

Cypris, queen of goddesses, Love, of mortals king,
Hymen, true source of pleasure—this trinity I sing—
To Cypris and Love and Hymen homage and praise I bring.

Behold thy bride, O Stratocles; favourite of Cypris, rise!
Husband of Myrilla, gaze in thy love's bright eyes.
Fair as a flower she gleams; haste, for the daylight dies.

The rose is the queen of flowers, and of virgins the rose

Is Myrilla [1]—coy, yet with desire she glows.
Haste, groom, in thine amorous arms thy
sweet blushing bride enclose.

With the fervour of youth thus shall ye snare
delight
Through the witching hours of the all-too-
soon-fled night,
Until the darkness melts 'neath the rays of
the lord of light.

May prosperity's sun shine on the genial bed,
May the gracious gifts of the gods on the
fortunate pair be shed,
And theirs be a progeny famed for beauty and
lustihead.[2]

[1] Ῥόδον ἐν κόραις Μύριλλα. Cf. Tennyson, *Maud*, XII. 9: Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.

[2] Amongst existing epithalamiums the Canticles or Song of Solomon takes high rank. Some think the royal sage indited it on the occasion of his marriage with Pharaoh's daughter. The Jews were not allowed to read it until they were thirty years old, lest in the heyday of voluptuous youth they might prefer it in a literal instead of a spiritual sense. Stesichorus was the author of a remarkably fine epithalamium which unfortunately is not extant. That of Theocritus on Helen and Menelaus is deservedly admired. Brunck has surmised that the Syracusan poet wrote this idyl with an eye

ODE LVIII

Dispraise of Gold

When gold hies from me, faithless runagate,
On feet swift as the chariot-wheels of fate,
I follow him not: who ever knew
One a thing hateful to pursue?

to the Song of Solomon, many passages of which strikingly receive illustration from it. That of Catullus on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis is incontestably a paragon of poems of this kind. Seneca has introduced one in his tragedy of Medea on the marriage of Jason and Creusa. Statius has written one on Stella and Violantella, and Claudian one on Honorius and Marca, the daughter of Stilicho.

The elegant epithalamium of Johannes Secundus (John Everard) is equalled in licentiousness by the Cento Nuptialis of Ausonius, which is a mosaic formed from the works of Virgil. It was composed at the command of Emperor Jovian, who himself wrote verses in similar vein. Kelly (the translator of Catullus) remarks that a great number of specimens will be found in the Deliciæ, which are the work of modern Latin poets. He mentions George Buchanan's epithalamium on Francis II. and the ill-starred Mary Stuart, and one by another canny Scot yclept Thomas Rhœdus—the former remarkable for grandeur of thought and pomp of style, and the latter for the elaborate oddity of its libertine allusions. That of Spenser on his own marriage is a masterpiece distinguished by purity of sentiment and felicity of expression.

But when released from false and fickle gold
The cares of life upon me have no hold;
They fly with the swift winds—my lyre
Breathes only love and soft desire.

Then when my merry tuneful spirit learns
Gold to despise the runagate returns,
And bringing in of griefs a crowd
He sues me, although once so proud,

In humble wise him for a friend to choose,
And prove a traitor to the lyric muse:
But vainly treacherous gold beguiles—
My harp is better than his wiles.

Thou hast, O gold, by means of craft and fraud
Supplanted love—men praise thee as a god;
The lyre indeed thou wouldst sordid make,
And the charm from true love kisses take.

The miser's avarice thou mayst incite,
But as for me I scorn thy subtle might.
Of my lyre's music I shall not
Because of thee abate a jot.

ODE LIX

On Spring

How pleasant 'tis at ease to wander through
The flower-enamelled meads,
Strolling when winds are soft and skies are blue
Whither one's fancy leads.
How sweet, beneath the shadow of the vine
Which tender tendrils wreathes,
With a deep-bosomed maid to sit supine,
Who wholly of Cypris breathes.

ODE LX

The Vision

One night as on my broidered bed
In sleep's delightful trance I lay,
Midst dreamland fancies quickly fled
I saw the Teian poet gay.
I heard him speak; to his embrace
I rushed, and kissed his smiling face.

Though full of years he still was hale,
His hair was white, but his clear eyes
Sparkled; his lips a spicy gale
Exhaled, and sweetest melodies
Rang from his lyre; his steps Love stayed;
Round him thronged many a laughing maid.

He took from his brows a garland bright
Of divers radiant flowers entwined,
And gave it to me—with delight
The which I round my head did bind.
It proved a source of pleasing dole,
Love ever since has fired my soul.

ODE LXI

On Apollo [1]

Now will I awake my lyre
Though no Pythian laurel should
Recompense my muse's fire,
Practice for a poet's good.
With my ivory plectrum I
Clear-toned melodies will make;
To my lyre's responsive sigh
Forth my voice in music break.
To the gold-tressed lord of light
Shall the Phrygian measure swell,
As a graceful swan and white [2]

[1] Suidas tells us that Anacreon undoubtedly wrote hymns in honour of the gods. Cf. Odes V. and VIII. of the genuine remains.

[2] Cf. *Iliad*, II. ll. 459 ff.:—

—κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,
Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι, Καϋστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα,
Ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται ἀγαλλόμενα πτερύγεσσιν,
Κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμών . . .

As when in Asian meads, or by the springs
Of far Caÿster, flocks of snowy swans
From many quarters having flown, convene,
And all the air with sudden clamour rings.

Leaving some stream-silvered dell
Soars through summer-coloured skies,
Rousing with his winnowing wings
Airs that murmur as he flies—
Phœbus, thee my famed muse sings.
Sacred are the tripod, bay,
And the laurel unto thee;
I will tell, O God of day,
Of the nymph who would not be
Leman to thee; vain, all vain,
Was thy passion, for the maid
To a virgin live was fain,
So she sought the forest shade.
And when thou pursuing keen
Sought'st to clasp her glowing charms,
She a plant became; and green
Branches filled thy eager arms.
But, my muse, no more declare
Any heavenly paramour's
Love for mortal maiden fair,
Rather sing thine own amours.
True be to the Teian lyre,
Let thy liquid love-lays float;

Let thy measures still suspire
Many a soft voluptuous note,
That the youth who feels the spell
Of Cythera's arts divine
May my tuneful songs love well,
Songs that stir his blood like wine.

ODE LXII

On His Wish[1]

I would I were
A sweet-toned ivory lyre,
That blooming youths might bear
Me in the Bacchic choir.

I would I were
A wine-cup of bright gold,
That me some woman fair
Pressed to her lips might hold.

[1] This fragment is by some attributed to Alcæus.

THE PRINCIPAL REMAINS OF ANACREON

ODE I

Love and Disdain

O bear me hence, Love, toward the sky
Wrapt in a sun-gilt purple cloud,
And stay me with thy pinions bright.
Thou hast fired my soul to seek delight
In Paphian pleasures, but the proud
White Lesbian nymph for whom I sigh [1]
From my white tresses mocking turns,
And for a younger lover burns.

[1] This ode which Chamæleon of Pontus in his treatise on Sappho says that some assert Anacreon wrote concerning the divine Lesbian poetess, but which for chronological reasons could not possibly refer to her, has been preserved by Athenæus, to whom we are indebted for no less than twenty-one of the fragments. This poem may be complete.

ODE II

On His Old Age[1]

My brows are wrinkled, my tresses are white,
My youth has fled as a swift dream flies,
With its careless glory, and fresh delight—
Soon death will darken my mortal eyes.
Not many more days to me remain
For jest and laughter and wine and song:
I think of the time with ceaseless pain
When death will chill me—grim terrors throng:

[1] These lines are mournful in tone, and fraught with boding gloom. They may have been indited at a time when the enchantments of Armida's garden had palled upon the poet's senses. Possibly, too, as in the case of others who have deviated from the path of moral rectitude, he was unable to support the disabilities of age and the approach of death with fortitude and equanimity. Several other fragments are in dolorous vein. It is not unreasonable to suppose that like many other possessors of the *mens divinior*, Anacreon was not at all times free from "megrims, firks, and melancholies."

For the realm of Pluto is dreary and dark,
Whither all most go when this earth-life ends;
And none when flyeth the vital spark
From the house of Hades again ascends.[1]

ODE III

Judicious Revelry

Haste thee, boy, the bowl of Bacchus bring,
Mingle crystal water with the wine,[2]
This will not enflame, but make take wing

[1] Cf. Catullus, *Carm.* V.:—

Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Suns may set and suns may rise,
But when fadeth our brief light,
We must sleep with sightless eyes
Through a never-ending night.

[2] It was customary among the ancients to appoint a master of the revels at their drinking bouts and festal entertainments, whose duty it was to regulate the size of the cups and the quantity each was to drink, and to see that due decorum was observed. He was called by the Greeks symposiarch, and by the Latins *magister vel arbiter bibendi*. He was usually chosen by the cast of a die. His office was somewhat similar to that of the Lord of Unreason or Abbot of Misrule of the

Care the black—at this we draw the line:
Let no Scythian clamours, quarrels malign,[1]
Spoil our bout, or angry voices ring—
But be merry, hearts, and catches sing.

feudal ages. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenæus, is among those that throw light on Anacreon's tastes and disposition, and gives us also some idea of how the convivial meetings of the better class of the Greeks were conducted.

[1] The Scythians, a barbarous people, were noted for being addicted to quarrelling in their cups.

Cf. Hor. *Od.* I. 27:—

> Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
> Pugnare, Thracum est; tollite barbarum
> Morem, verecundumque Bacchum
> Sanguineis prohibete rixis.
>
> When the sweet constraining power
> Allures us, of the social hour—
> Comrades, let us not, I pray,
> In a barbarous Thracian way
> Of the bowl the pleasures spoil
> By unseemly strife or broil.

ODE IV

Allegory.[1]

Thracian filly, coyly looking
At me with coquettish glances,
Young and skittish flying from me,
Thinkest thou I have no skill?
Nay, but know the truth, untamed one,
I could put the bridle on thee,
And the reins with firm hands grasping
Guide thee to the race's goal.
But the flowering meads thou hauntest,
Gambolling in frisky frolics,
Since no skilful daring rider
Yet to mount thee hast thou found.

[1] This beautiful poem of twelve lines may possibly be complete. It exhibits Anacreon to great advantage as a skilful metrist, and as the possessor of a rare loveliness and distinction of style. The rapid succession of tribrachs gives it life and motion.

ODE V

A Prayer to Artemis

On my knees do I entreat thee, O Pheræan
Goddess golden-helmed, of wild beasts huntress,
Come with all thy train of nymphs Pelasgian
To Lethe's whirlpools.

Daughter of Zeus, swift slayer of the mountain
Deer, view propitiously this suffering city:[1]
Cheer thy stricken people; no barbarous citizens
Crave thy divine aid.

[1] This hymn is cited by Hephæstion. It is supposed that the city in whose behalf the poet supplicates the goddess was Magnesia, which was situate on the river Lethe, near Ephesus. It is thought that this hymn was written on the occasion of some battle wherein the Magnesians were defeated.

ODE VI

A Prayer to Love[1]

O Eros, conqueror of hearts, with whom
Disport the blue-eyed nymphs and Cypris fair:
With eyes uplift to Ida's leafy gloom
I breathe to thee a prayer.

The maid for whom I glow thy power defies.
Her snow-cold bosom melt with thy fond fire;
That she moved by my importunities
May grant my heart's desire.

[1] We are indebted to Dion Chrysostom for preserving this fragment of a supplication to the god of love.

ODE VII

Love and Age

When Love beholds my beard that flows
White as the ocean's snowy spray,
He flies me swift as the eagle's flight
On rustling wings of golden light,
And seems to murmur as he goes,
"Old fellow, you have had your day."

ODE VIII

Love the All-Subduer [1]

The god of love I sing
Who garlands bears of many-coloured flowers;
Hearts ever conquering,
Mightiest of masters, subtle power of powers,
Thou rul'st the gods and all
Mortals thy wiles enthrall.

[1] In this fragment of a hymn in *Clemens Alexandrinus* we have the old conception of Eros which obtained in the age of Anacreon. In the time of the early lyric poets the god of love was represented as a youth of surpassing beauty, verging on manhood, grave and dignified, with a deep expression in his eyes which appears so effectively in the sculpture of Praxiteles. But shortly after the death of Alexander, which fell out in 323 B.C., Eros began to be depicted as a sportive and mischievous elf—a conception more in keeping with the traits and attributes which were now assigned to him.

ODE IX

On Artemon [1]

It likes me not that fair Eurypyle
Loves now notorious Artemon. Erst he
(A mark for man's contempt and gibe and jape)
Wore a scant head-dress conical in shape.
His feet encased were in coarse wooden shoes
Such as the poorest of the rabble use:
An untanned bull's-hide was wrapped round his breast,
Fit covering for a rotten shield at best.
Even thus arrayed, of reputation evil,

[1] In this satiric fragment, as in the fragments of his hymns, we are afforded proof of Anacreon's genius. The green-eyed monster—the tyrant of the mind—is probably the key-note of these vigorous and mordant lines; for we are told in an epigram in the Greek Anthology that the poet was enamoured of Eurypyle. Artemon, as Chamæleon of Pontus reported in his essay on Anacreon, was yclept *περιφορητός* or infamous, because he lived luxuriously, and had himself carried about on a couch. He had formerly suffered from poverty but all at once had become wealthy. It is difficult to translate these verses with any degree of point and elegance without having recourse to the liberties of paraphrase.

With drabs and bakers did he play the devil.
In pillory oft he stood; on racking wheel
Oft was he tortured, and full many a weal
By well-deserved scourge marked on his back.
But now this son of Cyce hath no lack
Of gold and gear, triumphant in his car
He rides: of mushroom fame he shines a star;
From day to day luxuriously he fares,
And golden pendants in his ears he wears.
Over his head he bears, as women do,
An ivory screen—the roynish parvenu!

ODE X

Contentment

I crave not Amalthæa's horn;[1]
O'er Arganthonius'[2] domain
Long weary years I'd scorn to reign,
And be with cares of kingcraft worn.
One little hour of wine-bred bliss
To me indeed much better is.

[1] It was fabled that this horn became filled with whatever the possessor desired. It was the original of the cornucopia as a general symbol of plenty. Cf. the purse and wishing cap of Fortunatus, the lamp of Aladdin, the carpet of Prince Ahmed, the helmet of Pluto, and the ring of Gyges.

[2] Arganthonius, who flourished in the sixth century before Christ, was a king of Tartessus in Spain. It is said that he occupied the throne for eighty years, and lived, according to Pliny, one hundred and twenty, or according to the overcredulous Italicus, three hundred years.

ODE XI

To His Page

Come ho! sweet page, pray fetch for me
A flagon of my favourite wine,
And let it mixed with water be.
(I will be moderate, I opine)
For I am fain once more to prove
The nectarous joys of wine and love.

ODE XII

Praise of Beauty

On manchet bread, and cake, and wine
In simple dainty wise I dine,
And then I take my sounding lyre
And sing with rapt poetic fire
The maid who is my soul's desire—
A graceful nymph with starlight eyne,
And purple hair, and form divine.

ODE XIII

The Lover's Leap [1]

Methinks I'll seek Leucadia's sombre steep
To there essay the lover's leap;
And either with my life or sorrows part,
For hopeless love distracts my heart.

ODE XIV

The Flight from Battle

Hard by the river's shelving banks
I left the broken, scattered ranks;
And having cast away my burnished shield,
I fled apace from the red battle-field.

[1] This fragment has been supposed by some to refer to the tradition that the ardent and gifted Sappho committed suicide by throwing herself into the sea from the Leucadian rock, on account of unrequited love for Phaon.

ODE XV

On Company [1]

I HATE the man who o'er the wine-brimmed bowl
Sings ever of war and conquest; he delights
Me most who wit with lyric gifts unites,
And to love's charms divine gives up his soul.

ODE XVI

To Leucaspis

My magadis [2] with twenty strings
In praise of thee most sweetly sings,
O fair Leucaspis, and in sooth
Thine is the very flower of youth.

[1] This brief fragment is the only specimen we possess of Anacreon's elegiac poetry. It has been preserved by Athenæus. It is thought to shed light on the poet's tastes.

[2] A foreign, probably Egyptian, instrument shaped somewhat like a harp, with twenty strings arranged in octaves.

ODE XVII

The Cup of Death

O death, draw near, for I would fain drink
deep
Of thy Lethean cup, and fall on sleep!
For I have sought, and sought in vain, relief
From heart-corroding care, and bitter grief.

EPIGRAMS[1]

I

On Timocritus

Here sleeps the valiant Timocritus free from life's sorrows and cares;
Ares spares not the brave, only the coward he spares.

[1] These epigrams are of uncertain authority, but are included in the remains of Anacreon by Bergk. The first four epigrams were formerly supposed to be among the earliest effusions of the Teian muse, and (three of them) to commemorate certain friends or relatives whom the poet lost in conflicts which took place between the Thracians and Teians after the latter had sought an asylum at Abdera, Thrace. Cleëonorides, as Barnes observes, seems to have been drowned in attempting a voyage from Abdera to his native country of Teos in winter.

II

On Agathon

Round this funeral pyre comes all Abdera mourning
Agathon fearless in fight, dead in the flower of his youth;
Never before did the fell war-god delighting in carnage
Slay in the battle-whirl a warrior so noble and brave.

III

On Cleëonorides

Thee, too, O Cleëonorides, the desire
Of thy native land has ruined in thy prime,
For thou didst rashly brave the stormy ire
Of treacherous winds and waves in winter-time.
Thus thy young charms were whelmed in the wild sea,
And quiring surges sang a dirge o'er thee.

IV

On Aristoclides

Thee I mourn, Aristoclides, first of that heroic band
Who so bravely fought and fell for freedom and the father-land.

V

On Three Bacchantes

She with a thyrsus Heliconias
Is called, Xantippe follows, and behind
Them both is Glauca; down the mountain-pass
Dancing they come; their wide-flung tresses float
In streaming waves upon the wanton wind.
Dithyrambs they sing,
And to Bacchus bring
Ivy, grape clusters, and a fatted goat.

VI

On a Broidered Mantle

This mantle dight with rare embroidery
Praxidice contrived with fertile mind;
Dyseris wrought it; both have here, we see,
Their skill and talents happily combined.

VII

On Myron's Cow

If thou by any warning may'st be stirred,
Thy cattle from Myron's cow feed far apart,
Lest thou essay, so wonderful his art,
Drive home the life-like statue with thy herd.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

EPIGRAMS ON ANACREON

I

(*From* ANTIPATER OF SIDON [1])

WITH the dead at last thou sleep'st, Anacreon,
having lived and loved and laboured well,
And thy nightly-speaking lyre is silent that
could charm with music's sweetest spell.
Sleepeth too in death thy well-loved Smerda,
once of all thy fond desires the spring,

[1] Of Antipater of Sidon scant intelligence has been preserved. He flourished about 100 B.C., and was a scion of a noble and illustrious family. He possessed a wonderful faculty of poetic improvisation, being able to indite a number of verses on any subject extemporaneously. He lived to a great age, and finally died of a fever with which he was attacked every year on the day of his birth. He attained great celebrity in his time. A number of his epigrams are extant in the Greek Anthology, which, like those of Simonides of Ceos, are among the best to be found in that florilegium. Antipater it was who first styled Sappho the tenth Muse.

In whose praise in golden nectarous numbers
did thy tones harmoniously ring.
For young Eros' shafts thou wast a shining
mark: on thee his choicest gifts he shed;
Fare thee well, O vanished in the darkness,
dwell forever with the deathless dead!

II

(*From the Same*)

Lo! stranger, veiled in sunless gloom
Lies blithe Anacreon. If to thee my lyre
Has aught of pleasure given, I desire
That thou in passing by my simple tomb
Wilt pour upon mine ashes here
Libations of sheer wine I loved in life,
That glowing dreams may in my soul be rife,
And with the joys on earth I held so dear

My very bones may thrill, and so
I who when quick in Bacchus took delight
May find less sad the sombre cheerless night
Of Hades' realm, where all at last must go.

III

(*From the Same*)

HERE lies Anacreon in this grateful shade;
Here cast on sleep, sweet poet, thou art laid.
May roses and green ivy round thy tomb
In beauty bloom.

For us on earth is hushed thy harp divine
That rang in laud of beauty, love, and wine;
But death cannot thy glory quench, and fame
Keeps fair thy name.

Still art thou dear unto the Paphian queen,
And in the mystic regions and serene
Where dwell the radiant spirits of the blest
Thou, too, hast rest.

IV

(*From the Same*)

Around thy tomb may clustering ivy grow,
And delicate blooms of purple meads abound,
Anacreon! May white milk in fountains flow,
And streams of wine well from the sacred ground,
So that if aught of joy reach shades below,
Some pleasure still thine ashes dear may know,
Immortal bard who soughtst life's sunny ways,
And filledst with love and song the measure of thy days.

V

(*Attributed to* SIMONIDES OF CEOS [1])

HERE in this grave the sacred relics rest
Of far-renowned Anacreon, whom the bright
Celestial Muses with their loveliest

And best gifts graced: his blithe canorous lyre
Responded to his measures of delight,
Which of the Loves and Graces did respire.

He mourneth not because a ghost he strays
In lands of Dis the dim dominion,
Rapt from the sunlight and life's mystic maze.

[1] Moore, in one of his notes in which he quotes the last two lines of this epigram in the original, and translates them in a quatrain, confounds the alleged author with the old iambic poet, Simonides of Amorgos. He it was, not Simonides of Ceos, who wrote the satiric poem in dispraise of women intituled Ψόγος Γυναικῶν. He could not have indited epigrams on the Swan of Teos, for the excellent reason that he flourished about 660 B.C., one hundred years before our poet was born. Even if Simonides of Amorgos had been coeval with Anacreon it is not probable that the former would have been among the encomiasts of a poet who was a philogynist, and whose gallantry was so delicate and spirituelle.

But he is sad that Bacchic revelries
May joy him not again, and that no one
Of his old friends and loved ones more he sees.

Natheless the strains he loved so well he sings
Though he hath done with things and times terrene;
Still in the underworld his sweet lyre rings.

And though enshrouds his head engulfing gloom
Fame ever keeps his glorious laurels green;
And Love's self weeps beside his silent tomb.

VI

(*Attributed to the Same* [1])

O GREEN-TRESSED mantling sorrow-swageing
vine,
Let thine aspiring tendrils gently twine
Around the mound and pillared stone where
lies

[1] Simonides was born at Iulis, the chief city of Ceos, 556 B.C. He was carefully educated in music and poetry. In his early manhood he instituted a school, the object of which was to train the youths of noble and distinguished families to take part in the public choruses, which were a feature of solemn and sacred rites. From Ceos he fared to Athens, which was already "the eye of Greece—mother of arts and eloquence." Here he was so fortunate as to secure the patronage of Hipparchus, who bestowed on him rich rewards.

After the expulsion of Hippias in 510 B.C., Simonides went to Thessaly, where he lived for some time with the Aleuads and Scopads. While in that country his life was saved by a special providence operating in his favour; for, being at a banquet when the roof of the building fell in with fatal results, he alone escaped. In length of time he returned to Athens, and the stirring events of the Persian wars now furnished him with themes worthy of his muse. He obtained a prize for an elegy on those slain at Marathon, and composed epigrams for the tombs of the immortal Three Hundred, who

Anacreon, first of Bacchic votaries:
So that he whom deep draughts of racy wine
Delighted, and the mirth of revelries,

May all night long in lyric strains profuse
Pour forth the breathings of his melic muse,
To lovers and rouse-loving revellers dear;

fell so gloriously at Thermopylæ. He also celebrated the great naval victories of Artemisium and Salamis, and commemorated the fate of those who fell at Eurymedon.

When he had attained his eightieth year he won the prize offered for the dithyrambic chorus in 477. This achievement was a fitting coronis to the long series of his poetical triumphs. Subsequently he went to Syracuse on the invitation of Hieron, who, although of a somewhat despotic disposition, was a liberal patron of poets and philosophers. He lived on terms of intimacy with this monarch, by whom he was much esteemed and highly honoured. At the Syracusan court the poet spent the remainder of his days. His death occurred 467 B.C., when he was ninety years old.

Simonides invented the mnemonic art, and added the long vowels and double letters to the Greek alphabet. He was as eminent for piety and virtue as for genius, and hence he was believed to have been under the special protection of the gods. It is said that he was the first to make poetry a profession and to take money for his works. Besides elegies and epigrams he wrote hymns, odes, and threnes. The cardinal qualities of his poetry were sweetness, elegance, depth of feeling, and facility of expression. In verve and sublimity, however, he was much inferior to Sappho and Pindar.

And that although his dust lies buried here,
Still, generous vine, thy sweet down-dropping dews
May gratefully his manes soothe and cheer.

VII [1]

(*From* LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM [2])

UPON this round pedestal behold Anacreon placed,
With wine elate and merry as he is wont to be;
Bold bacchanal, his brows are with glowing garlands graced,

[1] In translating this epigram I have availed myself of the liberties of paraphrase to euphemise and alter some expressions of the original, which would be likely to give offence to the admirers of our poet, because they present him in a somewhat undesirable light. I have myself a much more elevated opinion of the character of the Teian minstrel than these expressions would seem to warrant. But the epigram, *in toto*, is probably accurately descriptive of the ancient statues of Anacreon, which represented him as a hale and hearty old man, in a wanton attitude, singing to his lyre, and overcome by wine.

[2] Of the history of Leonidas of Tarentum very little is

And with voluptuous languors his eyes swim
dreamily.
In flowing folds about him his robe is loosely
drawn,
Just like a careless reveller one buskin he
hath lost—
While fitted to his shrivelled foot the other he
hath on.
He in his hand upraises his harp—how he
was crossed
In love,[1] and how his amours were oft crowned
with success
He sings and of Megisteus and Bathyllus
lovely-fair:

known. He is supposed to have flourished in the time of Pyrrhus (318-272 B.C.). He led a roving life, and at last died far from his birthplace. The Muses proved a great solace to him in his wanderings and tribulations. He wrote in the Doric dialect, and achieved celebrity and applause as an epigrammatic poet. More than a hundred of his epigrams are preserved in the Greek Anthology. His poetry, though not of a high order, is pleasing and ingenious, and characterised by good taste and creditable sentiments.

[1] This rendering is warranted if one accepts Jacobs' explanation of *τὰν δυσέρωτα*, viz. "to which his unsuccessful loves are sung."

In praise of wine and pleasure well can he
thoughts express,
And in delightful measures his ardent soul
declare.
Protect him, Father Bacchus, it is not meet
at all
That thy so famous votary from lack of care
should fall.

VIII

(*Attributed to* THEOCRITUS)

STRANGER! who near this statue hap to stray
Regard it well, I pray, with sedulous care,
So that returning home from Teos you may
Exclaim, "I saw Anacreon's statue there."
Then if you say, "He was the flower and
choice
Of all the stars of song of pristine days,
And in the young and fair he did rejoice,"
You will describe him, and most justly
praise.

IX

(*From* CRITIAS OF ATHENS [1])

IONIAN Teos populous and fair
To Hellas gave renowned Anacreon
Who wove sweet wreaths of song in beauty's praise,
And sang so well wine's care-dispelling joys.
He was a star of revels; of the Nine
The darling; and the dear delight of maids.

[1] Critias was the son of Callæscherus and grandson of Critias, son of Dropidas. He was a pupil of Socrates, and of Gorgias of Leontini. In 406 B.C., after the murder of the generals who had been victorious at Arginusæ, he fomented a revolt against the lords in Thessaly, in conjunction with one Prometheus, supposed by some to have been the same as Jason of Pheræ. On his return to Athens he became leader of the oligarchical party, and was chosen one of the Ephori. Afterwards he was chief of the thirty tyrants set over Athens by the Spartans. He was slain in 403 B.C. at the battle of Munychia, while fighting against Thrasybulus and the Liberators. He was a man of conspicuous talents, but cruel, tyrannical, rapacious, and unscrupulous. After his banishment from Athens by a sentence of the people he became an enemy of popular rights. He was eloquent, well-bred, and distinguished as a poet and orator. He wrote tragedies, and elegiac poems, some fragments of which are extant.

As long as red wine sparkles in the cup,
And mellow flutes and lyres at banquets ring,
And the Sicilian cottabus is played,
His fame shall flourish, yea, till time hath end.

X

(*From* CELIO CALCAGNINI [1])

POET renowned, thy honeyed breath
A grape-stone stopped—the factor of dire death.
May roses shed their rich perfume,
And ivy and laurel flourish round thy tomb.

[1] Celio Calcagnini (Cælius Calcagninus), a natural son of an ecclesiastic of Ferrara, was born in that city in 1479. He studied under Peter Pomponazzo, but embracing a military career he served in the armies of the Emperor Maximilian and Pope Julius II. Afterwards he was sent to Rome on an important diplomatic mission. On his return to Ferrara he was fortunate in securing the favour and friendship of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, whom he accompanied into Hungary.

In 1520 he was appointed professor of belles-lettres in the university, and canon of the church in his native city, which positions he filled with signal credit until his demise in 1541. He was buried in the library of the Dominicans, to whom he bequeathed his books and philosophical instruments. On his tomb are two inscriptions to his memory, one signifying that as the result of his studies he had learned to esteem

O let not here thy tendrils twine,
But be thou hence, far hence, flagitious vine,
Whereby to Acheron was sent
The brightest star of mystic revelment.
Lyæus loves thee not so well,
O vine, since on such wise Anacreon fell!

lightly sublunary things, and not to be insensible to his own ignorance (*ignorantiam suam non ignorare*).

He achieved reputation as an astronomer, orator, and poet, and also as an archæologist and prose-writer. He corresponded with Erasmus, whom, like many others, he censured for his indecision in matters which arose out of the Reformation. In one of his astronomical treatises entitled *Quomodo cælum stet* he demonstrated with precision the revolution of the earth around the sun.

In 1541 his prose works were printed at Basle in one volume folio. They consist of sixteen books of epistles and philosophical and critical dissertations on divers themes. His poetry (in three books) is included in the *Deliciæ Pœtarum Italorum*, and was also published with the poetical compositions of Pigna and Ariosto at Venice in 1583.

MOORE'S GREEK ODE TRANSLATED[1]

Once lay the Teian singer
On a couch of roses reclining,
Merrily laughing and quaffing,
And on his sweet lyre playing;
Whilst about him the tender
Erotes kept dancing in concert.
One, of Kythera was forging
The darts—those soul-piercing arrows;
Another of argent-hued lilies
And radiant roses had woven
A garland, and therewith encircling
The brows of the old man, caressed him.
Then Sophia, queen of goddesses,
From Olympus beholding Anacreon,
Beholding the graceful Erotes
Spake thus to the bard in reproval:
"Wise one, for the wise call Anacreon

[1] This ode is evidently an allegorical fiction in the manner of several poems in the Anacreontea. A dialogue between Wisdom personified (Athene) and the Teian poet takes place.

The wisest of mankind, why hast thou
Devoted thy life to Lyæus,
And to the Erotes, why dost thou
Sing ever the kiss of Kythera,
And the mirth-kindling cups of Lyæus,
Not teaching my laws and not winning
My precious gifts as a guerdon?"
And the Teian singer made answer:
"Be not displeased, gracious goddess,
That apart from thee I am regarded
By the wise the wisest of all men.
I love, I drink wine, and the Muses
I court with ardent devotion,
And with fair women I revel
In simple delight, and my heart breathes
Only love like my harp-strings:
Thus above all things prizing
The calm of life, tell me, I pray thee,
Am I not a wise singer,
Who, troth, of mortals is wiser?"

POEMS ON ANACREON BY THE TRANSLATOR

I

Hail! Teian poet, who didst wage
War to the knife with hateful age.
Thou soughtst with blooming maids and boys
To grasp the present's fleeting joys;
Thy lyre melodious did praise
Love, wine and beauty all thy days;
Wisely thou urgedst the hours along
With dance and wassail, mirth and song,
Though wintry tresses crowned thy head,
Spring never in thy heart was dead.
O star of Bacchic revelries!
O master of sweet harmonies!
With thee forget we pain and care,
With thee the face of life is fair.
What time the world through space spins round
Shall fame thy name in time's ear sound.

II

WERE I a master of Apelles' art
I'd paint with all my skill and all my heart
Anacreon, and in this wise him would show:—
With merry sparkling eyes, and cheeks aglow,
A wine-cup in one hand, the other placed
Around gold-tressed Eurypyle's trim waist;
His lyre near by, and on his tresses white,
By his fair mistress twined, a garland bright.
Cupid should fan him with his azure wings,
And buxom Bacchus in blithe dallyings
With lovely Venus should be shewn, and, too,
Comus should revel with his roistering crew,
And Age and Care be seen passing from sight
Mid jeers and scoffs into the silent night.

III

O BLITHE stray spirit of the Teian muse!
Anacreon, Lyæus-loved of old,
Thou scornedst the praise of men, and Gyges' gold,
And lotus-wreathed, rose-garlanded, didst choose
A life of pleasure; with the hybla dews
Parnassian thy lips were flecked. Old Age
Shrank cowering from thee, care-despising sage,
Whose songs forever joy and mirth diffuse.

With soft Ionic murmurs as a stream
Rolling persuasion through the myrtle glades,
Haunted by festive fauns and wood-nymphs bright:
So flows thy strain. Ah! master, comes a dream
Of Pyrrha, and the white Achæan maids
To thee in the ghost-glimmering vales of night?

IV

Bard of the flower-sweet lyre, what life was thine
In famous climes in times so long since fled,
Drowning thy care in bowls of Samian wine,
Armed with the thyrsus, myrtle-garlanded,
Fair worshipper at Cytherea's shrine!

How often in some cool inviting glade
Hast thou reclined with young Bathyllus nigh;
Or in the fond arms of a Thracian maid
Dissolved in bliss didst thou delight to lie,
And let the worthless striving world pass by!

Not in thee burned the Atridæ's warlike fire,
Instead the flame of wine-inspired delight;
Of love's delicious raptures breathed thy lyre,
Of beauty's spell and amours recondite
Which smote to sweeter song the whispering wire.

Star of the court of King Polycrates,
The banquet saw thy mirth and gaiety;
And in the goblet emptied to the lees
Forgotten were the ills of life with thee
Mid light and laughter, warmth and luxury.

Poor heart so pierced with Parthian shafts of love,
Sweet lips that mocked Age to his wrinkled face,
Still through the mist of centuries dost move
Most musically, with inimitable grace;
Thy muse no jovial souls wax weary of.

To thee nought was the praise of men or gold,
Or Apollo's gift, the laurel wreath of fame
That ripens tardily but to enfold
A hoary head or grace a grave when shame
And honour to the sleeper are the same.

Strike with thy plectrum, let us hear again
Voluptuous joy-notes of thy harp divine,
Breathing the Bacchic dances' fervent strain,
The bousing bout, pain's subtle anodyne,
The teeming vat, the wine-press' rose-red rain.

Strike with thy plectrum, Teian master, shape
In light foam-crests of song the revel's glare;
And sing the glowing glories of the grape—
Not the shrill-shouting Mænad with wind-tossed hair,
But the bowl's charms, and conquests of the fair.

Ere, as old records tell, the height-watched wave
That washes yet white-hilled Leucadian land
Granted lorn Sappho an unhappy grave,
For Phaon sighing on the sounding strand,
Didst thou her ardent kisses win and crave?

When Arctos and Boötes gleam on high,
And summer winds blow soft in drowsy wise,
I'll fancy that in dreamful calm I lie
At ease beneath the blue Ionian skies,
Where the cicada sings, the nymph replies:

And where the shepherd's reed among the hills,
Vine-braided, laden with the ripening fruit,
Sounds silver-sweet with all love's passionate thrills,
Borne on spiced breezes when loud winds are mute,
Mixed with wild murmur of far mountain rills.

And in the satyr-haunted woods I'll tread
The grassy paths thine own dear feet have pressed,
With green umbrageous boughs above my head,
And fancy in the glamour of my rest
Thou art not with death's cheerless gloom oppressed.

Dead art thou? Nay! for thou art with us yet
Light-hearted as in old Hellenic hours;
Thy lively lyre no frosts of time can fret:
Time chilling hearts and overturning powers
Falls on thee like a storm on sheltered flowers.

Pale-visaged Age with tarnished locks of white
Plucked at thy beard, and said, "Aha!
thou art mine!"
But back into Cimmerian depths of night
Thou jeeredst him with tried comrades, song
and wine.
Thy weird was fitting end of wild delight.[1]

[1] While drinking some new wine he was choked by a grape-stone and expired.

ANACREONTICS BY THE TRANSLATOR

I

To the lute's voluptuous sound
Let the rosy bowl go round.
He who drinks not, much doth miss;
Wine the true nepenthe is.
In a little while we must
Die, and moulder into dust.
Let us quaff then while we may
And in paths of pleasure stray.
There is music in the whoop
Of satyrs, and the merry cloop
Of flying corks; and glasses' clink
Makes one of the fairies think.
Wine will pallid faces brighten,
Wine will Paphian blisses heighten,
Wine a glamour bright will throw
Over life, and care and woe

Lull in gracious wise to sleep.
Comrades, let our draughts be deep,
Ere the phantom death draws nigh,
And within cold graves we lie.

II

Comrades, joyous be to-night;
After death is no delight.
Life no pleasure so divine
Holds as those of wit and wine;
When blithe Bacchus rules the roast,
Care in rosy depths is lost.
Wine will kindle light in eyes
Dull with many miseries.
Let our brows with flowers be crowned,
And delicious music sound.
Live as lived Anacreon
In the merry years agone,
Laugh as laughed the Abderan
At the frailties of man.
In a little while the end,
But while have we wine to friend

Let us gloomy thoughts despise
And with fleering mockeries
Greet Old Age, till off he slink,
Leaving us to jest and drink.

III

Raindrops dance earthward musically,
The moonlight dances on the sea,
Blue laughing ripples dance in glee.
The falling snowflakes frail and fair
Dance through the fields of wintry air,
And eke the leaves upon the trees
Dance to the music of the breeze.
In apogee and perigee
The planets dance about the sun,
And as in sportive revelry
Their never-ending courses run.
As rapt astronomers discern
A satellite quartette appears
Of Medicean stars that turn
Round Jupiter. Two austrine stars
Likewise revolve round old Saturn—

Dancing to the immortal bars
Of the ringing music of the spheres.
Fire-flies dance glittering in the dark,
King David danced before the ark;
Fair Miriam and her female bands
Danced, bearing timbrels in their hands;
When Judith had Holofernes slain
And made Bethulia free again,
The dance triumphantly she led,
An olive-wreath upon her head.
Why cavil then that merrily
I dance midst Bacchic revelry?
Through mazy measures will I stray,
Pursuing pleasure while I may.[1]

[1] This Anacreontic was suggested by the nineteenth ode of the Anacreontea. As that ode is an apology for drinking, so is this poem a summing up of the arguments for dancing. For most of the allusions herein contained I must acknowledge my indebtedness to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III., Sec. 2, Mem. 2, Subj. 4, viz. "Artificial Allurements." The passage in question is as follows:—

"Let them take pleasure as he said of old, young men and maidens flourishing in their age, fair and lovely to behold, well attired and of a comely carriage dancing a Greek galliard, and as their dance required, kept their time, now turning, now tracing, now apart, now together, now a courtesy, then a caper, etc.; and it was a pleasant sight to see these pretty

IV

MERRY comrades, to blithe Bacchus
Swell the dithyrambic chorus;
He first trained the wanton tendrils
Of the vine—a boon to mortals.
He will grant us manumission
From the gyves of Care the tyrant;
He will pour us dreams of rapture,
And give radiant wings to fancy.
There is music in the clinking
Of the glass to glass uplifted—
Music to symposiasts sweeter

knots, and swimming figures. The sun and moon, some say, dance about the earth, the three upper planets about the sun as their centre, now stationary, now direct, now retrograde, now in apogee, then in perigee, now swift, then slow, occidental, oriental, they turn round, jump and trace ♀ and ☿ about the sun with those 33 Maculæ or Bourbonian planets *circa Solem saltantes Cytharedum*, saith Formendus. Four Medicean stars dance about Jupiter, two Austrian about Saturn, etc., and all (belike) to the music of the spheres. Our greatest counsellors and staid senators at sometimes dance, as David before the Ark, 2 Sam. vi. 14; Miriam, Exod. xv. 20; Judith (Apocrypha) xv. 13 (though the devil perhaps hath brought in those bawdy bacchanals), and well may they do it."

Than the grandest strains of masters.
Dull ascetics may be moping
And contemn joys temulentive,
We enjoy life as it fleeteth,
Carpe diem is our motto.

We will not, methinks, come sooner
To Persephone's dark chamber,
And old Charon's Stygian ferry,
That with wine our clay we moisten,
And are jovial *in loco.*
Then with free mirth and light laughter
Let us drain the sparkling beaker;
And may wit and friendship flourish.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS [1]

(*Attributed to* Bion)

When Cythera saw Adonis
Cold, and lifeless as a stone is,
Wild with grief she showered caresses
On his wild dishevelled tresses,
And his fairest face of faces,
Whereon now of rose no trace is,
While sharp pangs of grief shot through her;
She the Loves bade bring unto her
The wild boar which slew her lover.
They forthwith did wander over
All the forest till they found him,
Then with strongest cords they bound him;
One fair Love with zeal unflagging
By a rope the beast kept dragging,
Him behind another harrows
Striking him with pointed arrows;

[1] This apologue, which is in the manner and metre of Anacreon, is sometimes printed with the odes.

Slowly was the beast advancing,
While his capturers kept lancing
His dark fell with sportive malice.
When they reached Cythera's palace
Thus spake Aphrodite to him:
" Hateful beast, is't thou that slew him?
Him will life no longer quicken,
My Adonis hast thou stricken!
His white thigh so softly rounded
Have thy wicked weapons wounded."
But he answered, " Aphrodite,
By myself, and these my mighty
Hunters, and thy beauteous lover,
I the reason will discover.
Know, I did not wish to kill him,
Pained am I that death should chill him;
But I gazed infatuated
On his peerless charms ill-fated.
I was mad to kiss his naked
Thighs, and I my passion slakèd.
Thus the lover thou didst cherish
Slain was—but my teeth let perish;
Wrench them from my jaws, and should not

These appease thee—my life that would not
To the voice of reason hearken
Cut away." Although so stark in
Death Adonis slept, compassion
For his slayer's fatal passion
Filled her heart, so 'twas no wonder
That she bade the Loves to sunder
The boar's fetters; yet no more he
Sought the woods, and freedom's glory;
But the queen of love and laughter
Evermore he followed after;
And with ceaseless plaint kept mourning,
Pardon by his penitence earning.

EROS THE RUNAWAY

(Moschus, Idyllium I.)

In great distress fair Cypris cried:
" If any hath seen mine Eros straying
Upon the highway wandering wide,
And me he tells, for the betraying
The informer shall rewarded be
With one of Cypris' choicest kisses;
His who the truant brings to me
Not a mere kiss but more than this is.

" Now ken the boy's fame's everywhere,
Amid a crowd you'd surely know him,
In colour he's indeed not fair
But like to fire—Ah! that would shew him.
His eyes are keen and fiery red,
His wicked, smooth tongue often screening
(Though seeming fair his words are said)
With subtle lies his real meaning.

" His voice as honey is, but if
He is provoked there's no believing
A word he saith—when in a tiff
He's always ruthless and deceiving;
The crafty child but seldom tells
The truth; his victims he hies after;
And while his heart with anger swells,
He mocks their miseries with laughter.

" His tiny hands 'tis true they are
As slight as a patrician lady's;
Yet they, pardie, can shoot as far
As Acheron, or the King of Hades.
He's naked, but his mind is hid,
And wingèd as a bird he's flitting;
To girls, youths, women, men unbid
He comes, upon their vitals sitting.

" He hath a small bow whereupon
An arrow's placed—small but it carries
Unto the far refulgent sun,
And whither sent right there it tarries.

An arsenal above his back
Is bound—in other words a quiver
Of gold filled with sharp shafts that rack,
And even me make sometimes shiver.

" All things of his are cruel, and
Far most the tiniest of torches,
He bears it in his little hand,
And with it Sol himself he scorches.
But should you catch the little waif
O! bind him though he may entreat you;
Pity him not but hold him safe,
If he should weep, beware, he'll cheat you.

" Though he should smile his sweetest smile
For that just hale him on the faster;
If he to kiss you wish the while,
Take care! his kiss portends disaster:
His lips are poison—should he say
'Here, take mine arms!' with accents gracious
Accept them not at all, I pray,
They're all fire-dipped—his gifts fallacious."

PRAISE OF WINE

(*From* BACCHYLIDES OF CEOS)

WHEN rosy wine is freely flowing
Love holdeth sway within the soul;
And hope and joy, a glamour throwing
O'er life, rise radiant from the bowl.

Entrancing visions fair and glorious
Are ours; straight vanish grief and pain:
And we exalted and victorious
As great as kings in fancy reign.

Mavortial ardors, too, enflame us,
And the red battle's fiery ways
Then seek we, or with valiance famous
The walls of populous cities raze.

With gold and ivory are resplendent
Our homes; ships bring us from far shores
Vast wealth, on our desires attendant—
'Tis thus the quaffer's spirit soars.

ON CÆLIA

(*From the* LATIN OF ANGERIANUS, *Sports of Cupid*, EPIGRAM XL.)

WHAT time tranced in sweet slumber Cupid lay
Cælia by stealth his quiver stole away.
Awaking, he his grief expressed
With tears and plaints—on Cypris' snowy breast

He solace sought. She said, "Dear, cease to plain,
And weep no more, for Cælia will again
Thy shafts restore—of them, indeed,
Being so wondrous fair she hath no need.

"Delicious wiles, bright wit, and graces rare
Are hers; she bliss begets, and bleak despair;
More powerful, Love, than thy swift darts
Her charms whereby she rules o'er ravished hearts."

TO CASSANDRA

(*From* PIERRE RONSARD)

O DEAREST, at this vesper hour
Let us unto our favourite bower
And see if that voluptuous rose
Which but this morning did disclose
Its glowing splendours to the sun
Is not now utterly fordone.
Alas! its beauty, like to yours,
No more enchants, no more allures,
For in the dust its petals lie,
And all the wooing winds go by.
O nature! too step-motherly
Thou seem'st to me indeed to be,
That thou hast taken little care
In nourishing a flower so fair
Which but a day rich fragrance shed
(O life too brief!) and now lies dead.
Dearest, believe me, it is best,

While yet your life is loveliest
With youth's fair hues, to well employ
The golden present's passing joy;
For like this flower, rude time at last
Your beauty's brilliant bloom will blast.

LOVE

(*From the* LATIN OF GEORGE BUCHANAN)

WHO's this pretty wingèd boy?
'Tis Love, mischievous and coy.
Old as time he still is young,
Suasive is his silver tongue.
Frequently perdu he lies
In the depths of laughing eyes;
Wealth and ease and luxury,
Youth, desire and levity,—
These his close companions be.
Beauty and seductive smiles,
Agacerie, and wanton wiles
Nourish him, and honeyed kisses.
He the soul with grief can wring,
And can dreams of rapture bring.
Hopes, and fears, and dainty blisses
Are his guerdons, and his darts

Havoc make with human hearts.
Death, perdie, he laughs to scorn;
Oft his life doth ebb away
Many times in one brief day,
And as oft he is reborn.

DRINKING SONG

(*From* Théophile Gautier)

Let us sing in chorus praises
Of jolly buxom Bacchus.
Long live the purple vintage,
Long live the wine-vat's treasure,
And long live we to quaff it.

We love the sparkling colours
Of wine, we love carousals.
Pale cheeks the wine-bowl flushes,
It kindles eyes with love-light,
And dullards' tongues makes witty.

Who worships not the wine-god,
And when the goblet circles
Refuses to be merry,
May he be changed by Circe
To a frog, and croak in marshes.

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